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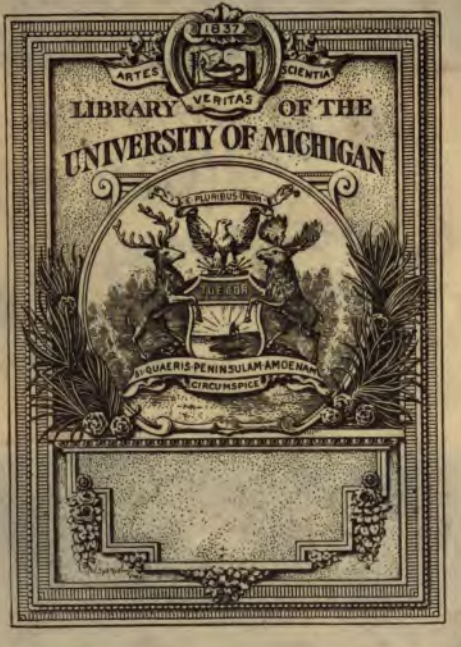
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Mary Anna Longstreth

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WITH A

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BY HELEN W[illegible]

MEMOIR

OF

MARY ANNA LONGSTRETH

BY AN OLD PUPIL.

WITH A

SKETCH OF HER WORK FOR HAMPTON.

BY HELEN W. LUDLOW.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.
1886.

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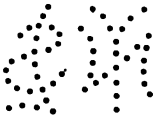

TO

OUR DEAR FRIEND AND TEACHER,

SUSAN LONGSTRETH,

THIS LITTLE MEMOIR OF HER LIFE-LONG COMPANION

IS DEDICATED.

Re-classed 4-26-32 A.M.M.

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PREFACE.

WHEN, in the middle of August, 1884, the tidings of Miss Mary Anna Longstreth's death reached the wide circle of her pupil-friends, there probably were few among them who did not feel that with her life an important chapter in their own was closed. "How much we and our children owe to her influence! Our whole lives have been moulded by her teaching" was the burden of letter after letter to the devoted sister who survives her.

And far beyond the inner social and family circle, where she was so warm a centre of affection, her death was felt as a deep and personal loss. The beneficent activity of which her life was full had its uncounted secret channels, often little suspected by those who knew her best, and many hearts once saddened by struggle and defeat, into which she had poured new courage, were among her truest mourners.

Several of the more public tributes to her memory were reprinted, and in leaflet-form distributed among her friends, but there were repeated inquiries for

some fuller account of a life so rich in benefit to others; and it was to meet this generally-expressed desire, joined to an especial request from Miss Susan Longstreth, that the following little memoir was attempted.

The extracts from the journal and letters of the first European trip may seem to many readers too copious, but apart from the difficulty of selection from so large a mass of manuscript it seemed desirable to give in some fulness a page of Miss Mary Anna's experience quite unconnected with her ordinary school-life. The aim throughout has been to let her character speak as far as possible for itself without the intrusion of mere eulogy.

It is pleasant to acknowledge gratefully the sympathetic interest of many friends in the preparation of the memoir, and especially to thank those whose contributions enrich the narrative.

MARGARET NEWLIN.

PHILADELPHIA, November 1st, 1885.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

GIRLHOOD AND YOUTH 9

CHAPTER II.

THE YOUNG TEACHERS 21

CHAPTER III.

MAY-PARTIES, ETC. 39

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST TRIP TO EUROPE 48

CHAPTER V.

THE RHINE AND SWITZERLAND 77

CHAPTER VI.

THE SECOND SCHOOL 139

CHAPTER VII.

RETROSPECT 150

CHAPTER VIII.

CLOSE OF SCHOOL-LIFE 157

CHAPTER IX.

FAMILY LIFE 164

CHAPTER X.

PHILANTHROPIC INTERESTS—SOCIAL LIFE 169

CHAPTER XI.

PAGE

LAST YEARS 175

HAMPTON 179

APPENDIX 217

MEMOIR

OF

MARY ANNA LONGSTRETH.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

AMONG the gay throng at many a Philadelphia wedding or bridal reception within the last half-century, one old enough to look back on so long a period must recall a guest whose appearance was in striking contrast to all around her. Yet none ever witnessed the holy rite with more reverent sympathy, or in greeting the youthful bride was received with more eager affection. One glimpse of the sweet childlike face under the plain Friend's bonnet would tell the whole story,—it could be no other than Miss Mary Anna Longstreth. All who knew her delighted to honor her, and two generations rose up to bless her memory when she passed away. What

was the secret of her success? Perhaps the following little Memoir may help to explain it.

Mary Anna Longstreth sprang from a vigorous race—men and women of sound well-ordered minds in marvellously sound bodies. Isaac* and Rachel Collins, her grandparents on the maternal side, had seven sons and as many daughters, of whom all but one lived to an advanced age. There was no death among this band of brothers and sisters for sixty-five years, and the average age of twelve of them was eighty. They were all carefully educated, their father sparing no pains or expense to give them the best advantages the time and country afforded, even changing his place of residence twice for this purpose. In 1778 he removed from Burlington, N. J., to Trenton, where he united with some of the most influential citizens in founding the Trenton Academy, which nine of his children attended. In 1796 he again moved, this time to the city of New York, sending several of his younger children to Nine Partners Boarding-School (in the same State), where

---

* Isaac Collins was a printer, and from his presses was issued the first quarto Bible that was ever published in America. His daughters were trained as proof-readers, and to the keenness of eye with which they learned to detect the slightest typographical mistake, we may perhaps trace the extreme accuracy of the teachers in the next generation.

it was hoped the guarded religious influence might carry on as closely as possible the conscientious home-training.

But for this, boarding-school life at its best must have been but a poor substitute. The mother of this numerous family was a woman of few words, but of rare strength and loveliness of character, inspiring an enthusiastic affection, not only in her immediate household, but among all who were connected with her. Domestic tradition long dwelt fondly on her memory, and still recalls the overwhelming sense of loss caused by her death, when her daughter Mary, afterwards the mother of Mary Anna Longstreth, was but sixteen years of age. But Mrs. Collins had lived long enough to leave an ineffaceable impress on the characters of her children, thus indirectly moulding, we cannot doubt, the traits and destiny of grandchildren, whose influence was to touch a far wider sphere.

Miss Longstreth's father also lost in early boyhood an excellent mother, whose place, however, was filled as far as could be possible by his elder sister Susan, a woman of sterling sense and most affectionate nature, who cared for her young brothers and sister with a truly maternal solicitude, and was their best adviser throughout her long life. It was this faithful "Aunt Susan," whose home at Greenway, near Phila-

delphia, afterwards became the favorite resort of her young nieces, and the scene of the happy annual May parties, so well remembered by two generations of their pupils.

Isaac T. Longstreth and Mary Collins were married at Burlington, N. J., October 28, 1808, and were soon settled in Church Alley, Philadelphia, under the shadow of the now venerable and historic Christ Church. The city at that time extended two miles along the Delaware, but little towards the west, Fifth Street being considered "far up-town." So simple were the habits of the dwellers in Church Alley, that most of them sent the Sunday's dinner to be cooked at the bake-house of a good friend and neighbor, while they went to their respective places of worship. Here, surrounded by little that might be called luxury, but in the midst of every comfort, was born, February 9, 1811, Mary Anna Longstreth, an infant greatly desired and joyfully welcomed, and certainly not the less gratifying to her parents, that her beauty and unruffled serenity of temper were matters of general comment and admiration. Her health was perfect; she was never heard to cry; and the fears expressed by a friend of her mother, a true Job's comforter certainly, that this extraordinary placidity "might indicate a lack of common sense," seems to have awakened no anxiety.

Two and a half years later, on the birth of her baby sister Susan, the little girl was sent to school,—according to a common practice at that time, perhaps intended to secure the long morning nap of the newcomer, undisturbed by the frolic play of older children. But there was no forced work in the dames' schools of those days. The recitation of a, b, ab, and the accomplishment of a few even stitches of overseam or hemming, were considered quite sufficient occupation for the morning session, after which a trusty little maid was sent to bring the child home to receive the young mother's eager welcome. This, in the autumn of 1813, was the beginning of the school-life, which never ceased until the year 1877, when it was most reluctantly closed.

Actual study, however, first began for the little Mary Anna at the school of the Misses M. L. and S. H. Cox, to whom she was sent in 1816. Here she remained five years, showing a fondness for reading and grammar, but finding such difficulty in writing that her teachers feared she never would succeed. That this apprehension was needless, and that in fact her hands were dexterous in every way, is proved by a letter written to her aunt Anna S. Collins, in 1818, in which she informs her that she has finished the shirt she was making for her father, and has received the promised dollar as reward. Those who remem-

ber the exquisite penmanship of later years, at once the admiration and despair of her young pupils, will smile at this little story of the child of seven years.

The aunt Anna Collins, to whom the letter just spoken of was addressed, had come on the death of her father to live in the family of her sister, Mrs. Longstreth, and from that time her intense interest, as well as assistance, in the education and development of her young nieces and nephews, was a constant stimulus to them. When Mary Anna, at eight years of age, began the study of the Latin language, Miss Collins did the same, that she might aid the little girl in her lessons and better understand her difficulties.

In 1819, as there was no school in Philadelphia where girls could be taught Latin and Greek, a master was sought to give private Latin lessons, and Dr. J. D. Price, then waiting to be sent as a missionary to Burmah, was engaged for this purpose. The interest Dr. Price's old pupil felt in his work after he sailed for India was the beginning of an active sympathy in missions which only warmed and deepened throughout her life. The first five hundred dollars that could be spared from her earnings after the needs of the family were supplied, were given for a J. D. Price scholarship. "Honor the Lord with thy substance,

and with the first fruits of all thine increase," was a law of her life, and her natural warmth and generosity of character delighted to fulfil it in its most literal sense.*

Dr. Price was succeeded by other masters, one of whom taught her Greek and another French, until the autumn of 1824, when John M. Brewer was invited to open a girls' school in Philadelphia, in which Latin and Greek were to be added to the usual course of study. Mary Anna Longstreth was one of Mr. Brewer's first scholars, and soon became one of his best, not only making rapid progress herself, but giving lessons in Latin to her little sister Susan, at that time attending another school. These lessons were to be learned as well as recited after school hours, and one cannot but wish that both the children, not only the little pupil of eleven, but her teacher of thirteen, could have been enjoying instead, a wholesome romp in the open air in these brief intervals of school routine. There was no play about the Latin lessons, however, as we shall presently see. But it was a hard struggle.

* Two other scholarships were afterwards added to the Burman mission, named after Dr. Wade and his wife, with whom Miss Longstreth kept up a constant correspondence. The devotion and success of these valued friends were a source of great happiness to her. She was also interested in mission schools at Calcutta and Mount Lebanon.

"It's of no use; I can't learn it!" breaks out little Susan, sitting on the door-step in the lovely summer afternoon, and in a passion of impatience she flings the book from her. But with this outburst rebellion ends. "Silly girl!" she cries, almost in the same breath; "it *must* be done!" And the hated book is meekly picked up again, the lesson learned, and self-discipline begun.

Before the child was twelve years old she had not only read every word of Virgil,—Bucolics, Georgics, and Æneid,—but so thoroughly, that when the incredulous Mr. Brewer afterwards examined her on her entrance into his school, in 1824, she could analyze and parse the most difficult passages he selected for her. After this proof of the young Mary Anna's abilities as a teacher, we are not surprised to find Mr. Brewer speedily engaging her as an assistant, a position in which, while still pursuing her own studies, she soon became most valuable, remaining in it for three years, or until the spring of 1829, a great favorite both with master and pupils. The first payment for these services to Mr. Brewer was a great delight to her. There is a pleasant little story of her hastening to lay the well-earned store in her mother's lap, joyfully exclaiming, "There! now we are independent."

These years of early girlhood, though as busy

perhaps as any period of her whole life, were full of quiet happiness. The close occupation seemed no strain upon her health or spirits. Her mind was daily expanding; her note-books constantly record new studies undertaken for self-improvement out of school hours, while the little diary, meant for no eyes but her own, bears witness to the deepening earnestness with which she looked upon her vocation as a teacher. Its outpourings are too intimate and sacred for indiscriminate quotation, but a few passages will show what fervor of effort and aspiration, and what humility of spirit, lay beneath the almost childlike buoyancy of manner, which belonged to her until the verge of old age.

"*2d mo. 9th*, 1828.—This morning I have completed my seventeenth year, and, looking back on my past life, very grateful do I feel to a merciful heavenly Father for the care He has taken of me and the hedges He has placed around me, . . . and sincerely do I desire that, as long as I live, I may do His will and not mine own."

A few days later she alludes with great pleasure to a little *fête* given her by a party of her young companions. Together with her sister Susan they had made up a French class of twelve members, and on this occasion it was agreed that each one should

contribute a dish to a pretty table spread in Mary Anna's honor. All the lively girlish talk was in French, in which, by constant practice, they had become very expert.

"*2d mo. 21st*, 1828.—Received from my kind friend and preceptor, J. M. Brewer, the sum of $220 for my services at school during the last six months. I thank Thee, my heavenly Father, for this blessing, and rejoice that I am able to contribute to my beloved mother's comforts. I thank Thee for the excellent means Thou hast given me for obtaining a good education,—it is better than houses or lands,—and I feel very grateful for the agreeable situation in which I am placed at school, free from every care, anxiety, or responsibility. Enable me, I pray Thee, to bring forward those committed to my care to the satisfaction of my kind preceptor. Render me of essential service to him and his pupils.

"*9th mo. 1st.*—Truly, goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. I think I have never passed a vacation more happily,—the first four weeks at Burlington and the last three at dear Greenway. And now, with renewed health, strength, and vigor, I have returned to my duties at school. Oh that I may, by continual patience and application, promote the improvement of my dear pupils, lighten the cares of my preceptor, and faithfully discharge my duty as assistant! . . .

"*9th mo. 16th.*—Received from my kind preceptor $290 for my services for the last six months. . . . I feel

very much animated to pursue my pleasant labors at school. . . .

" 10*th mo.*—So far our family is blessed with usual health, and myself with uncommon strength and vigor, although we hear that sickness prevails all around us. . . . For a week or two past, in endeavoring to fulfil my duties (though conscious of entire incapability by myself without divine aid and support), . . . I have been blessed with great peace, and comfort, and tranquillity of soul. For this inestimable mercy I desire to render praise and thanksgiving to the Author of every good and perfect gift; and when in His wisdom He sees fit to withhold the smiles of His love and the joy of His presence, and visits me with clouds and afflictions, may I remember this season of favor and consolation, and wait with patience till He in His infinite mercy is pleased to arise again 'with healing in His wings.'"

In an entry dated 2d mo. 9th, 1829, her eighteenth birthday, an especial sense of the responsibility of life seems to rest upon her. Her young heart, like that of the child Samuel in the temple, was ever answering to its inward calls, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth;" and now, not as a reluctant sacrifice, but as a joyful true-love offering, she dedicates herself afresh, and with a depth and earnestness of purpose that thenceforth knew no change:

" Eternal and ever-blessed God! . . . It is with the

utmost solemnity that I make this surrender of myself to Thee. The whole frame of my nature, all the faculties of my mind, and all the members of my body would I present before Thee this day as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which I know to be my 'most reasonable service.' To Thee I consecrate all that I am and all that I have,—my worldly possessions, my time, my talents, my influence over others,—to be devoted to Thy glory as long as Thou continuest me in this life; with an ardent desire to continue Thine through eternity; ever holding myself in readiness to execute what I believe to be Thy divine will.

* * * * * * * * *

(Signed) "MARY ANNA LONGSTRETH."

Below, we read, "Again subscribed to 9th mo. 1st, 1829. Thankfully, 2d mo. 9th, 1830."

CHAPTER II.

THE YOUNG TEACHERS.

EARLY in the spring of 1829 it was decided that the sisters should begin teaching on their own account, and accordingly the two young girls, Mary Anna, eighteen, and Susan, sixteen, made arrangements to open a school under the protection of their mother's roof in the following September. They must have been very modest as to the proficiency of which they had already given such substantial proofs, for one of their nearest relatives seems to have been half amazed, half amused, at the temerity of the enterprise. Susan, especially, who then looked even younger than she really was, they evidently considered a mere child, quite unaware, probably, of the volumes of classic lore she had stored up in her little head when not yet twelve years old. And the young teachers themselves were not without their own serious misgivings. Mary Anna, as we have seen already, had had no care or responsibility while teaching under Mr. Brewer, except in the daily routine of duty, which familiarity had made easy, and

which was still further brightened to her by her delight in her young pupils. Her popularity among them was so great that Mr. Brewer, probably fearing they might follow her *en masse* if she opened a school of her own, required of her the rather surprising promise that not one of them, in such a case, should be received.

But the summer was still before the sisters, in which they hoped to rest and gather up both courage and energy for their new undertaking. Accordingly, in the month of May, Mary Anna and her mother went out for a long visit to the hospitable Aunt Susan at Greenway. Here a new anxiety awaited them. Mrs. Longstreth, who had been very frail all the spring, was now taken dangerously ill. Her younger daughter Susan, and the devoted aunt Anna Collins, were at once sent for, and for weeks, while the precious life hung in the balance, little else was thought of. In July, however, the patient rallied, and a little later Mary Anna writes in her diary:

"8*th mo.* 1*st.*—Dear mother evidently gains strength. Oh, make us grateful, Almighty Father! . . . Returned to town to attend to business connected with our intended school. Many difficulties appear in the way. Only two pupils are engaged; they do not come forward as fast as we expected. A good deal of difficulty occurs too in procuring a suitable house." . . .

The prospect, however, soon brightened, and a natural rebound of youthful gladness followed the long strain of anxiety, the kind Aunt Susan making as usual their joys as well as their sorrows her own. "What has she not done," writes Mary Anna, with affectionate gratitude, "that could give us pleasure? What attention, what kindness has she omitted? What a mother has she been to our dear sick mother! Oh, bless her!"

"*8th mo. 29th.*—Bade adieu to dear Greenway, not without tears. Lovely abode of peace, content, and affection—a delightful home hast thou been to me for three months. May every blessing be showered on thee, sweet Greenway!"

Meanwhile a house had been found at No. 3 North Eleventh Street, and here the little school was opened.

"*9th mo. 1st*, 1829.—Commenced school with five scholars, and the prospect of having our number made up as soon as we desire. We meet with kind friends and affectionate encouragement on all sides.

"*9th mo. 7th.*—Our school succeeds delightfully. Eight pupils attend, and several more are in prospect. No trouble or embarrassment or difficulty.

"*11th mo. 15th.*—Blessings are multiplied,—a kind Providence, kind friends, health, and content. Fourteen pupils engaged.

"*2d mo. 9th*, 1830.—Time, time, with rapid wings thou fliest! Nineteen years old to-day! Bless the Lord, O my soul, for nineteen years of mercies perpetual and goodness unlimited. Again do I subscribe humbly and thankfully to the covenant made this day last year, supplicating for increased ability to persevere and keep it, acknowledging my own helplessness, but adoring the power of Him who has helped and will help me. . . .

"Our school prospers,—fourteen pupils. Our health good; our dear mother better. How much more than we deserve! Oh, make us more holy and pure, more humble and devout, more meek and gentle, more patient and submissive, more constant in prayer and fervent in spirit! Oh, continue Thy loving-kindness and the light of Thy countenance, for in Thee, my Saviour, do I put my trust."

The school was now well established. The young teachers had as many pupils as they desired, twenty being at this time their limit. In those early days in the Eleventh Street house, the comfortably carpeted school-room, with its open wood-fire, and the little band of pupils scarcely younger and certainly not fairer than their young mistresses, must have made an attractive picture. There was many a winter day nevertheless when the benumbed fingers farthest from the hearth found it hard to guide the pen with the finished neatness required, and Susan,

the quill-pen maker and mender, whose patient labors were never ended, no doubt would gladly have sacrificed picturesqueness to a somewhat higher thermometer.

The only assistant needed at this time was a native French master.* Thoroughness and solidity were always aimed at rather than any showiness of attainment, and in the plainer branches especially, no pains were spared to insure a firm foundation. Finding that many of their first scholars, though well taught in other respects, were very defective in the matter of spelling, the sisters tried various expedients for remedying the difficulty, but finally decided that the whole school should take part in the exercise. All who attended, in later years at all events, must remember the systematic way of teaching this much neglected branch, and the manner in which the correction of misspelled words was impressed upon the memory. The delinquent was apt to think only of her own irksome task in copying out the long corrected lists; the amount of extra labor on the teacher's part in examining the great pile of "error books" in her precious hours of so-called rest was rarely taken into the account.

* Mr. Bolmar was first employed, but Mr. Gardel, afterwards so identified with the school, entered on his long term of service in 1833, remaining almost continuously until its close in 1877.

The confidence and satisfaction expressed by many of the parents of those under their charge was a great stimulus and encouragement to the young teachers. A large proportion of pupils remained three, four, and five years, and the close acquaintance thus formed ripened in many cases into a loving intimacy, that lent a glow of romance to the pursuit of knowledge, lightening its dryest taskwork. The difference in age was so slight, there was all the sympathy and companionship of youth between teachers and scholars. They were but climbing together the hill of knowledge, and there was mutual delight in following its pleasant upward paths, and gaining ever wider outlooks.

This little group of early alumni could never be persuaded by the most enthusiastic after-scholars that theirs was not the "golden prime" of the school. One of them thus writes:

"Fresh themselves from school, they knew the difficulties of study, and their sympathy for and patient labor with a discouraged pupil was very helpful. When a delinquent in lessons or conduct would return the day after a reproof timid or disheartened, she would be greeted with, 'This day and every day is a *tabula rasa;* nothing of yesterday remains upon it.' They had a gift of imparting enthusiasm to every study. I had just finished

reading Cowper's 'Task' at another school, and hardly knew that it was a poem. Here we had 'Paradise Lost,' which we both read and parsed. The history of the author, of the period, the mythology, the scriptural allusions, were all dwelt upon, and though I was but twelve years old, I learned its greatness, and was able in after-years to impart to others the illumination they had given it. But the same interest was maintained in all our work. The household throughout was full of loving anxiety for our welfare, the dear mother often bringing some dainty for the child kept after school, lest the 'dear little one' should suffer.

"Dr. Hare's daughter was our fellow-pupil, and her father's brilliant experiments in electricity it was our privilege to attend. Dr. McMurtrie's lectures on zoology also added spirit to the study in the class-room. I had come broken in health from another school, where I had to work hard in the old, dry way, and this seemed a 'royal road to learning.'

"At that time Fanny Kemble had appeared in this country to electrify the public with her elocution and dramatic force, and the parents of some of the children felt they would gain in attending these representations. Our teachers were very careful to utter no word of censure on the subject, and would listen with sympathy to an ardent pupil as she portrayed her impressions of Portia, and then quietly turn the attention of the class to the history of Venice, as the 'mistress of the seas,' and give the key to the story of Shylock and Antonio. It was a

gift with our beloved Mary Anna to pass from herself into the heart of the scholar, and draw her to the highest within herself. In after-years my daughter was her pupil, and though the school had become very large, the same spirit was ever apparent, and I was not surprised to hear my child say, 'I do like to recite a lesson to Miss Mary Anna, she so appreciates it.'

"She has sent forth generations of workers, she has exalted the dignity of labor, and shall we ever look upon her like again? Three happy years I passed under the care of these admirable women, and have since had the privilege of their friendship and continued sympathy. Mine was the first of the many marriages of their pupils that they attended, and I still cherish the picture of the humming-bird, the orange blossoms, and the appropriate verses presented at that time.

"L. J. H."

Young as they were, both the sisters fully realized the responsible office they had undertaken, and never rested satisfied with their own mental equipment. As soon as the hours of teaching were over, those of self-improvement began, with the briefest interval for rest. They took lessons in drawing and perspective; they attended lectures on chemistry and natural philosophy; they read indefatigably. A little note-book, kept by Mary Anna, records with characteristic method and neatness a list of books read between

January, 1827, and December, 1830, numbering in all sixty-four volumes,—history, travels, biography, moral philosophy, with here and there such grave diversion as Young's "Night Thoughts" or "Contributions of Q. Q." There is an early note of "Tragédies de Racine," Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," translated into French, and one vacation, Mrs. Sherwood's "Lady of the Manor." The earnest resolution recorded in her youthful journal, to indulge as little as possible in the love of merely entertaining reading so natural to her age, had been faithfully kept. Yet she loved an innocent jest as much as any one, and her habitual brightness, even gayety of manner, her quick smile and genial laughter, and above all, the rare sweetness of a face, the very "lineaments of gospel books," left no room for the reproach that her religion was an austere one. At home or at school the testimony was the same,—few things could ruffle her. For the comfort and encouragement of dyspeptic saints, however, whose dearest friends find them "ill to live with," whose nerves are a legion of spiritual foes, it ought to be acknowledged that the sound physique had much to do with this habitual equanimity.

"One result of my sister's fine health," writes Miss Susan L., "was a very fine temper, remarkably free from irritability. She seemed to have no memory for

slights or affronts; no small advantage to a teacher, whose many trials in this way every one can appreciate." Yet without doubt the calm self-possession under provocation, and the quiet serenity with which she met difficulties, were largely due to the ever-deepening inner life whose hidden springs we have discovered. "Let the spirit of prayer be a mantle around me," we read in her diary at this period. "Let my soul breathe upwards unto Thee in every trial, trouble, and vexation. . . . O Lord, my heart is froward, but indeed my eyes are not lofty. I acknowledge with humility and contrition my numberless transgressions. How much I have need of more meekness and patience in bearing the trials, the severe trials, to which I am subjected by the tongue of man! Oh, imprint on my mind that a 'soft answer turneth away wrath'! Teach me to curb my own unruly little member and bear all things with gentleness."

In July, 1832, the dreaded scourge of the East, the Asiatic cholera, already raging at Montreal and Quebec, and daily increasing its ravages in New York, had reached Philadelphia.

"Most of our family," continues the diary, "expect to go out to Greenway, perhaps never to return. Wherever we look all is gloom, save in one spot, and

that is bright,—the faithfulness of our Redeemer. . . . Thy will be done, O Lord, in life or death, only forsake us not.

"*9th mo.*, 1832.—Let me hasten to acknowledge the blessings of my heavenly Father, and our preservation amid the ravages of the pestilence, . . . and His especial goodness in bringing us once more together as a family, although almost every member of it has at one time or another been more or less indisposed."

Susan Longstreth had a light attack of the prevailing disease, but with every sanitary precaution around her, soon entirely recovered.

The sisters' unremitting labor and responsibility for ten months of each year now made a complete change of air and scene desirable in the school vacation, and it became their usual practice—sometimes combining with friends, occasionally with only the little party of brothers and sisters—to spend five or six weeks at Newport or Cape May, or in a trip to the then distant Niagara or White Mountains. In these summer journeyings they were once more young girls, entering with enthusiasm into all that was grand or beautiful, enjoying keenly the social variety, the complete relaxation from care and routine, and finding amusement even in the little mishaps of the way.

In the summer of 1835 they made a visit to Niagara, returning greatly refreshed and invigorated. The school rapidly filled up in the following autumn; but as the first class was to leave at the expiration of the quarter,—a time of year when new pupils were rarely received,—both Mary Anna and her sister were somewhat anxious lest their numbers should be seriously lessened. Before the old scholars left, however, every vacancy was filled; and "now," writes M. A., in January, 1836, "we have an assemblage of the most amiable and interesting pupils we have ever had." Her lot in life at this time was very pleasant to her. A few months later the diary continues:

"*6th mo.*, 1836.—What shall I render to Thee for all our blessings? They are innumerable, yet I would try to number a few. Health excellent,—seldom a pain or a headache; my beloved mother and aunt, brothers and sisters, still spared to me; the warm love and esteem of those dear friends (and the circle is not small) whose love I most desire; . . . a school of affectionate pupils, and as many as we are willing to have; and though our anxiety and care are often great, great too is our satisfaction and sweet our recompense; . . . contentment to sweeten every labor; hope to illumine every cloud, and a little faith to lighten the dark side of every prospect; happiness in the past, the present, and the future, in the full

assurance that all has been planned for us in infinite love and wisdom."

In the autumn of 1836 the school was removed from the private house in Eleventh Street (where the family, however, continued to live some time longer) to more commodious quarters in Cherry Street near Eleventh, where, with the exception of one year of rest, partly spent by the sisters in Europe, it continued to be held for the next twenty-one years. A large garden attached to the building, with an open wooden structure for rainy weather, added greatly to its value for school purposes, and many an eager game was played here in the noon recess by merry girls of thirteen and fourteen. Their mental powers were certainly not less active after this welcome break in the long morning session, and when the bell summoned the panting rosy groups back into the schoolroom, it was for many years Miss Longstreth's custom to hold a few minutes' pause before they dispersed to their various classes, and read aloud a brief extract —perhaps only a sentence or two—from some high-thoughted writer,—a little seed dropped into the ground when it was most likely to take root.

In 1838 the peaceful tenor of school-life was broken in upon by a somewhat exciting incident. The hall, in which the Women's Abolition Society

were holding a convention, had been set on fire by a mob on the evening of May 17. Twenty thousand people, it was said, thronged around the burning building, and, as the firemen were not allowed to play upon the flames, it was completely destroyed. The convention, not to be thus baffled, repaired next morning to another public hall, and being refused admittance, one of their number, in her zeal for a cause warranting, as she thought, any risks, invited the whole body to assemble in her school-room, immediately over that of Miss Longstreth. Although but one session of the society was held there previous to their final adjournment, the populace heard of it, and the building was marked for destruction.

"Our fears," says M. A. L., "were of course powerfully excited, and the owner of the property gave up all idea of its preservation. . . . We were favored with the company of dear Uncle Grellet,* who, during a time of silence, commended us to Him who is a covert from the heat and a refuge from the storm.

* Stephen Grellet, who had married Mrs. Longstreth's eldest sister, was a man whose career was as remarkable as his character. Born a Frenchman, a Roman Catholic, and the heir of rank and wealth, he lost his estates in the French Revolution, became by adoption an American citizen, and by convincement a member of the Society of Friends. Finally, as an accredited minister among them, he carried the gospel message among the great as well as the lowly of the earth, with the spirit and power of an apostle.

"Between eight and nine o'clock we were informed that the mob had assembled round the building, and that there was little or no hope of its being saved from the flames. Several of our friends kindly called to extend their sympathy, and our indefatigable friend, Mordecai L. Dawson, went among the populace, and at not a little personal risk and with much exertion, succeeded, with a few others, in diverting them from the school-house, so that before ten o'clock the mob dispersed without doing the least injury."

The next four or five years, though checkered with the joys and sorrows incident to all human life, were years of great prosperity in the school and great happiness among the scholars. The following letter is from a pupil of this period, well able to judge both of the moral and literary standing of the school when she belonged to it:

"MY DEAR M.:

"I could hardly in the compass of a letter add any *new* testimony to the virtues of the beloved friend and teacher of my youth, and yet my heart would prompt me to record some of the memories of those happy school days, where lessons were made so attractive that the taskwork was seldom felt to be a burden, and where the spirit of truthfulness, purity, and gentleness emanating from the teachers so pervaded the school that all sternness

of rule was unnecessary. It was the law of love that governed us, and the obedience given was from the heart.

"The years that I spent with them were to me ideal, golden days, when study was made a delight; and I must consider the period as almost the golden age of the school, for the sisters had then attained the full maturity of their powers, and, as the number of pupils was still comparatively small, we had the full benefit of their instruction and personal influence, for, excepting the French teacher Gardel, there was little outside assistance.

"I cannot dissociate them in my mind, for the work went on so harmoniously, each supplementing the other, that there seemed but one ruling spirit. I have never known the power of precept and example more beautifully blended; the approval of our teachers was our great incentive to effort; admiration and love of goodness in them became our moving spring, and gratitude for their faithful labors for us lent a glow of pleasure to all we attempted.

"There must have been some singular beauty of character thus to impress the minds and hearts of thoughtless young girls, and without now dwelling upon the purity and conscientiousness of the younger sister, which seemed to give her the divining power of Ithuriel's spear, I recall the simplicity and youthful brightness, and innocence of face and manner, that, combined with a perfect gift of sympathy, so endeared Miss Mary Anna to us. To these lovely qualities were added in both an intelligence that not

only quickly apprehended the bearings of a subject, but the difficulties of other minds in dealing with it; and while principle and habit forbade them to do anything imperfectly or slightingly, their patience with slowness and dulness was unwearied.

"As a member of the same religious society with them, I remember their consistent adherence to its principles and practice, while they were entirely free from the spirit of dogmatism, or interference with the differing views of their pupils.

"I leave it to others to tell of the fostering help they were always ready to extend to young aspirants in their own field of labor, and the untiring energy with which in later life they threw themselves into wide and various educational and benevolent interests. But the picture of the school as it stands up in my memory can never be effaced; we seemed to live in an atmosphere of intelligence, refinement, and love, and the girl must have been dull and cold-hearted indeed that did not feel the sweet influence of the place, where uprightness and gentleness, and all that was pure and lovely and of good report, were encouraged, and we felt that insincerity, selfishness, and coarseness would always be severely judged.

"I doubt not that the enthusiasm in the pursuit of knowledge awakened there has accompanied many of their pupils into their after-life, and has borne fruit in the education and training of their own children.

"E. W. C."

In 1839, M. A. L.'s youngest sister, who had now for several years taken part in the teaching, and whom the students of that time will no doubt well remember as "Miss Elizabeth," was married to Mr. Israel Morris. This event, naturally of great interest and importance to the family circle, involved also a slight change in the school, some salaried aid from without becoming necessary.

The general financial distress of 1842 had its immediate effect upon all the schools of the community, and some were entirely broken up. The number of Miss Longstreth's pupils was greatly reduced both in this and the following year, and the sisters felt the diminution of income seriously, though less for themselves than for others whom it was their delight to aid. The thinning out of their pupils, however, had its compensations, for in May, 1844, Mary Anna writes:

"Sweets have been mingled with our cup of trial. Our school, though disappointing in a pecuniary view, has been exceedingly pleasant,—never more so,—and never more crowned with success in the improvement of our pupils, both in their deportment and in their studies. Most of them have done as much as we could desire, and our aim is very high."

CHAPTER III.

MAY-PARTIES, ETC.

THE aunt Susan Longstreth, who had always been like an indulgent grandmother to her young nieces, and had made her home at Greenway a haven of rest and refreshment to them in every interval of work, took the warmest interest in the school from its first establishment, and instituted at once its chief annual holiday. The whole band of young girls were invited to spend a long May-day under her spreading trees, their parents joining them, if they so inclined, in the afternoon. To give additional point and interest to the day, a May-queen was chosen, with attendant maids of honor, who crowned the mimic sovereign with a chaplet of flowers, and invested her with the emblematic sceptre, accompanying the little pageant with poetical addresses composed for the occasion. These May-day effusions, while intended simply to express the love and devotion of young school-girls to a favorite companion in smooth-flowing rhyme, had a great charm for impressible girls of sixteen, and

the white-robed procession, winding under the trees across " Aunt Susan's" lawn, the child Floras strewing flowers before the queen, was a sight dear to Miss Mary Anna's heart. Each young figure there had been an object of especial care to her, often of the most earnest solicitude, and whatever faults or deficiencies there had been to contend with, none were remembered on these red-letter days.

Another pupil of this time, whose irrepressible spirits were the delight of the school, and the theme of many an amusing anecdote told long afterwards, thus gives her recollections of teachers, school, and May-parties:

" When I first went to school I was but nine years old, therefore my recollections are very childish, though vivid, as to school details. I can never forget Miss Mary Anna's kindness to me, or the loving fashion in which she tried to overcome my shyness; for I was very shy, and very much frightened, partly, I think, because she had told my mother that I was so much younger than any pupil she then had that it would only be in case of my ability to keep up with the class that I should be allowed to stay. This fired my ambition of course, and I determined I would study so hard that I should be permitted to stay. This resolution was strengthened when I found how dear and lovely my teachers were. I think it was a case of love at first sight, as

I can recollect my enthusiastic description of the teachers, the school, etc., to my parents on my return home the first day. I was so enchanted with the Friendly 'thee' and 'thou,' which was quite new to me, that I determined at once to adopt it as my own style of speech, a proceeding which was summarily stopped by my father. From that day I have never swerved in my love and loyalty to both the dear sisters. I cannot separate them in my memory in any way, though loving them in different fashion. Playfulness was never reproved by them except when indulged in at improper times, and so truly did Miss Mary Anna understand the impossibility of repression in a very active child, alive to any mischief, that her clear eyes would often twinkle with amusement and with the effort to keep from laughing during a recitation. She would never be severe except when there was disobedience or underhand dealing of any sort. Clear and open as the day herself, she could not tolerate duplicity in others. If we did wrong, and openly acknowledged it, with any expression of penitence or promise of amendment, she would lovingly forgive us, often putting her arm around us and bestowing that most coveted of all gifts from her, a kiss of forgiveness. I believe there were very few of the girls who offended wilfully or refused the expression of regret for their disobedience. There was a wonderful frankness and freshness of feeling about her,—a brightness I think it might be called,—so that being in the same room with her seemed like being in the sunshine.

"The May-days were the days of especial delight. Miss Mary Anna used to throw herself into the arrangements as heartily as the most enthusiastic of her pupils, and I think it was marvellous to see the entire absence of heart-burning or jealousy among the candidates for the honors of the day. Of course in so large a school there were usually two or three who were eligible for queen, many for maids of honor and pages, yet the voting was always pleasant, although exciting, and I never, in the six May-days in which I participated, remember any expression of feeling which would seem to show vexation of spirit. The lovely home at Greenway, with dear Aunt Susan always so glad to welcome the group of happy girls; the visit to Bartram's Garden, from which we came back to Greenway laden with flowers; the making of the queen's crown and sceptre; Miss Mary Anna's bright, happy face everywhere radiant, always ready to listen, admire, and help, never flurried or vexed, is before me now. It was simply charming to be with her and near her. I remember when the first voting was talked of after I went to school, I was very near sending up my vote for Miss Mary Anna, only I was captured by an older girl and made to give up my cherished plan. I thought how lovely she would look with her crown of flowers, and felt almost too indignant at the disappointment to vote for any one else. Her love of flowers was beautiful to see. We had a white rose climbing over the west wall of the school, and near by a large bed of lilies of the valley, and I can see her now bending

down to pluck the lovely flowers. . . . Of both these two dear friends it will be said, 'Their works do follow them.' How blessed was their influence can only be known hereafter.

"H. T. C."

In the season of 1844–45 the tide of business prosperity had begun to turn, but the school of thirty pupils still required great personal exertion and much economy of management. Other far more wearing anxieties, from repeated illnesses in the family, added to the strain upon the sisters, and at times the burden seemed almost more than they could bear. Mary Anna, as responsible head of the school, was relieved as much as possible from all domestic care, but Susan, at once teacher, housekeeper, and nurse, could not easily find a deputy, and in a few months her overtaxed strength so gave way as to cause serious alarm. The rest and change of the summer vacation, however, restored both sisters to their usual health, and the following September found them once more full of fresh energy for their work. The school was now overflowing; they had many more applicants than they could receive; and from this time forth their fears of inadequate numbers were at an end. They had earned a high reputation for conscientious thoroughness, and many parents, in no way connected with the Society of Friends, were not sat-

isfied until they had secured places for children not yet old enough to enter. They gradually increased the number admitted to something over forty, and could easily have doubled it had they thought best. In the years 1847–48 over a hundred applicants were necessarily refused. The actual work of instruction in the school-room was only part of the labor involved. In March, 1849, Mary Anna writes:

"I have had an exceedingly busy winter, the most laborious, I think, I have ever had. Twenty-two of our pupils are over sixteen years of age, and are capable of accomplishing a great amount of study and writing, so that their translations, exercises, etc., have given me a great deal of work at home. But I have been remarkably favored with health. It has been my best winter in that respect for years."

"She actually enjoyed sitting down to look over a great pile of exercises," says Miss Susan, "and would hasten us up-stairs late in the evening that she might set to work at them."

Twenty years of teaching had only intensified her interest in her work. Her spirit, mental or bodily, showed no sign of flagging; but Susan, on whom undoubtedly had fallen the heavier nervous strain, and whose home-cares were likely rather to increase than diminish, felt that her term of active service in

the school was near its close. The diary, a few weeks later, continues:

"*6th mo.* 30*th*, 1849.—Twenty years of teaching have passed,—twenty years of happiness, and, I humbly hope, of some degree of usefulness. . . . This is the period during which, I have long hoped, my dear sister and myself might be permitted to labor unitedly, and my desire has been fulfilled. She will now rest from her conscientious, faithful, self-denying exertions, and many hearts bless her this day. Should my life and health be spared, it is my intention to continue my interesting and delightful task some time longer, without fixing any time at present. At one period of my life there was every prospect that I would be rich, the inheritor of a large fortune, but I can truly say I rejoice that such a prospect was not realized. . . . True, there have been many trials of patience, many crosses, some disappointments, much labor, many privations, but all have been richly compensated by the peace and happiness I have enjoyed, and the gratitude of our beloved pupils.

"*9th mo.* 10*th*.—School has opened very pleasantly, —never more so,— . . . and the dear girls seem not only pleased to return, but to be in the best disposition to do right. My two assistants, Anna W. Hinchman and Anna Shinn, are very exertive and satisfactory. I do feel lonely sometimes without my dear Susan, but there is not a doubt upon our minds that it is the right time for her to be released. . . . For myself, I have not a wish to be excused, but shall feel it a great

privilege if I am favored with health and strength to continue my school for some years."

The burden was lightened for her as far as could be possible. Susan, although she only appeared in the school-room to fill now and then a temporary vacancy, was an essential aid to her sister at home. She still made out the fortnightly reports of lessons and conduct (no light task, certainly), examined and corrected exercises, etc., beside relieving Mary Anna of all care, even of her own wardrobe. The latter was in her element, and after nearly nine months of unshared responsibility, her health, even in the first debilitating heats of spring, was better than usual. "I do not remember," she writes in May, 1850, "that I have felt for many years as well and strong (at this season) as I do now." She had even escaped the sore throat which was generally the result of the incessant use of her voice during the winter. There was no leisure now for even an occasional entry in the journal, but a pencilled fragment laid between its leaves, and evidently belonging to the year 1851, gives no indication of flagging energies or overwrought nerves.

"To-day I am forty years old. How strange it seems to me! I do not feel more than twenty. My health has been very good this winter, with the

exception of a few colds, and my nervous system far stronger than it was some years ago. Forty years! How old it seems, when my sympathies are warm with the dear ones round me who have not seen sixteen summers! If I were twenty years younger how gladly would I commence another term of twenty years' teaching! I am not the least tired of my post, though sometimes I feel the confinement, which prevents me from passing more time with my friends, especially those advanced in age, and sometimes I wish for more time to devote to my little nephews and niece. But I feel that I am in my right place, at least for the present."

Four years of this kind of high pressure brought the inevitable reaction. For three years she finds no time even for her journal, and then the first record is one of spiritual discouragement. For several months she had been haunted by the idea that her Christian faith was a delusion. She was "a cumberer of the ground," "a barren fig-tree." One needs little pathological insight to read between the lines the whole story, and to be glad that wise friends promoted that delightful rest and movement-cure combined, without its equal for overworked Americans, men or women,—a trip to Europe.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST TRIP TO EUROPE.

On June 11, 1853, accompanied by a party of relatives and friends, three of whom were to be their travelling companions, the sisters, Mary Anna and Susan, left for New York, and the next day embarked in the steamship Atlantic, whose agreeable and kind-hearted Captain West was ever afterwards one of the pleasantest memories of the voyage. That *sine qua non* of an ocean trip in these days, a steamer-chair, seems to have been a luxury as yet unthought of, and the captain's buffalo-robe and great-coat were boons for which his favorites were always grateful. "Certainly we can never forget this buffalo-robe," writes Miss Susan; "it seems to be medicated. Every one who even puts her feet on it is comforted."

Miss Mary Anna proved a capital sailor, enjoying every stage of these new experiences, and when the deck, on which the rest of the party spent most of their time, became too breezy for her, she would join an entertaining and congenial group of fellow-passengers in the cabin, or write animated bulletins of

their progress to the family at home. The very first evening on shipboard she began the series of journal-letters continued throughout the trip, from which the following extracts are taken:

"When the last waving was over, Mary W. said to us, 'Now we must be all the world to one another,' and I assure you we all felt disposed to cling together as closely as possible."

The woes of sea-sickness soon overtook several members of the party, who in a few days, however, and with only occasional relapses, recovered all their wonted powers of enjoyment.

"Nothing can exceed the captain's kindness to M. W., and indeed to all the invalids. This evening he took M. on deck, where he put her into his great-coat of huge dimensions. Elizabeth C, who is all life and gayety, is now her room-mate, and they enjoy each other's society.

"We had an amusing time opening dear S. P. Morris's packages. Our curiosity had been considerably excited, and we made our circle try to guess the contents, which proved to be deliciously-preserved ginger in beautiful boxes, with an exquisite note and verses. . . .

"Our indulgent captain not only sends up buffalo-robes, but allows us to have cushions from the saloon for the accommodation of his especial *protégées*, who

are snugly stowed away under a pile of shawls and cloaks, other invalids similarly wrapped in their own robes dotting the deck all over.

" . . . The Morris party, from Baltimore, are delightful,—so are S. B. Lyon and his wife. Dr. Delafield's wife is charming. Dr. Berrian and his wife, A. J. Bleecker and his wife, are very polite to us, and, as I also find the deck too breezy, I am much in their society.

" 16*th*.—Though no icebergs are visible we are surrounded by ice-water. . . . The Spanish ladies seem to suffer greatly from the cold. The captain has had the large saloon heated for them, and there they lie nearly all day on the sofas, and their own embroidered pillows, under satin quilts, close to the heater. They have their own servants,—one family a steward, cook, nurse, etc. Some of the ladies are greatly amused by the indolence and helplessness of these Spanish signoras, whose maids absolutely put the food into their mistresses' mouths. The feeling of dislike to them was, however, quite lessened when one of these same dames sent a handsome sum toward the fund for the orphan children of seamen.

" We experience the greatest kindness from our fellow-passengers, even from those who were entire strangers to us. Mme. Le Vert, daughter of Colonel Walton (ex-governor of Florida), related some beautiful legends of the Indians,—the Cherokee rose, Tallahassee, the land of beauty, and that of Alabama. A tribe of Indians, who fled from their relent-

less foes to the trackless forests of the Southwest, weary and travel-worn, reached a noble river, which flowed through a beautiful country. The chief stuck his tent-pole in the ground, and exclaimed, 'Alabama! Alabama!—Here we rest!' The old chief who told her these legends in her childhood used to call her the White Dove of Peace.

"*6th mo. 21st.*—We saw last evening the light-houses on Fastness Rock and Cape Clear, and this morning the beautiful Tuskar light was the first object that presented itself. The sea is of a peculiar light green, every wave transparent. There is all over the ship an unsettlement, an excitement, that betokens this to be the last day on board. Mary W. and I have been watching the sailors drawing up the huge chains attached to the anchor, and kept in the hold during the voyage; their rough voices sounded quite musical as they walked with measured steps around the windlass and kept time with their songs. We could not make out much of what they said, but they looked happy. Then M. C. K. and I sat alone for a while at the bow, enjoying the beautiful sea and perfect quietness of feeling amid the unrest of the waves."

The captain's dinner, with its epigrammatic punning toasts, on the eve of landing, fills a lively page of the diary:

"'Our ladies.' Their fair faces and gentle manners entitle them to a general passport. When once

visèd, may foreign *customs* do no injury to their native *habits*.

"'The ladies of the Atlantic.' The true mermaids, who beguile time and not sailors.

"'Our humble friends, the waiters of the ship.' To their diligence, civility, and unceasing exertions we are indebted for much of our comfort on the voyage. May our liberality more than *crown* their labors, if it do not effect for them a *sovereign* cure.

"'Our visit East,' painful only as it separates us from our favorite WEST.

"Without drinking the champagne, we entered into the *spirit* of the affair and enjoyed it, having a private toast to Susy's good friend, the buffalo-robe.

"After dinner everybody was packing up and collecting shawls, baskets, and little appendages; the great packing had been finished in the morning. By 8 P.M. we were in the fog and smoke of Liverpool, though some miles from it. All day, while sailing up St. George's Channel and the Irish Sea, we had our American sunshine and blue sky. Oh, how delightful it was! . . . And this is the old world! . . . The Mersey is here a wide, noble-looking stream, and Birkenhead, how beautiful it is with its green banks! But everything has a more foreign air than we expected. Now the mail-boat comes alongside. G. G. Gray, bearer of despatches, and a few other privileged ones, go off and steam rapidly to Liverpool. This gentleman takes with him the names of twenty or thirty of our passengers to secure rooms for us at the Adelphi Hotel. . . . But

what a gloomy aspect this great city presents as we approach it! A vast pall of black smoke hangs over it, and the fog is so dense that it feels like rain. . . . Sad, lonely thoughts are stealing over us, when we perceive two friendly-looking persons making their way towards us. They were no others than Francis Thompson and Benjamin Seebohm. You may readily imagine how grateful it was to us to see them and receive their warm welcome to old England. Cousins S. and S. T. had been on the wharf more than two hours waiting for us, but when ten o'clock came and we did not arrive, they were obliged to return home disappointed. Cousin F. T. invited us two at once to his house, but we thought it best to go to the Adelphi Hotel with our friends.

22d.—Most of the friends we made on shipboard are with us at the Adelphi. We have two parlors, which communicate, and at their request we all breakfasted together. Soon afterwards our kind cousins, Francis Thompson and his daughter S., called, and engaged us all to dine with them at Holland Terrace. Benjamin Seebohm also made us a long and very pleasant visit. Then Captain West and several of our gentlemen passengers called. One of the latter sent to the ladies collectively a basket of superb fruit,—peaches of great beauty and very fragrant, black Hamburg grapes, cherries, and strawberries,—and a large basket of equally fine fruit to Elizabeth C. How delicious the grapes are! The morning flew by rapidly in conversation with our friends. The sun came out brilliantly about 11

A.M., and on remarking this to Captain West, he playfully replied that he had opened the hatches of his vessel at that time and let out some American sunshine."

The friends with whom they were to dine on this their first day in England had been guests of nearly every member of the party in America, and it was a time of close and most affectionate intercourse.

"The visit was everything we could ask or desire," writes M. A.; "it was heavenly. . . . After dinner we took a delightful walk through Edge Lane to the Botanic Garden. Our friends at the hotel almost envy our enjoyment in finding old friends in England; some of them had just returned from a drive in a four-horse barouche, with postilions. They ordered tea in our parlor, and when the candles were brought, looked to see if it was too late to call at the Waterloo, but found it was nearly 10½ P.M. The days are so long in this high latitude. The weather is warm, almost sultry."

Another pleasant visit from Captain West, two more baskets of choice fruit for "Miss C. and the ladies," and then the large and friendly steamer-party broke up. Some were starting for Scotland, Wales, or the Continent; M. A. L. and her sister, with their travelling companions, for a visit to the north of England.

"As B. Seebohm has been so kind as to come for us all the way from Bradford, we think it best to defer our intended visit to Chester, and even to give up seeing Liverpool for the present, in order to go home with him. We went to meeting, and oh, how I wish I could give you an impression of the delightful sermon he preached! I heard many excellent sermons from him in America, but this one surpassed them all in sweetness, depth, and power."

The weather continued warm and sultry, and a railroad-ride through the unpicturesque and smoky districts of manufacturing England was not favorable to first impressions, but even here they found something to admire and enjoy.

Bradford itself was unattractive, but not so the little domestic interior to which they were now welcomed. The doors of many a beautiful English home were opened wide for the sisters during their stay in the island, but they write of none with more entire enjoyment and appreciation than this. The simpler mode of life, made necessary by a recent change of circumstances, had not narrowed the hearts of the occupants or lessened the refinement of their hospitality, and it certainly brought out more strongly the nobility and sweetness of character and beauty of life which made the ministry of Benjamin Seebohm so doubly persuasive.

"*6th mo. 24th.*—At 3 P.M. we set off in the cars to visit the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey, dear E. Seebohm and three of her children going with us. A few miles on the railway between Bradford and Leeds brought us within sight of the ruins. We stopped at a little bridge that gracefully spans the Aire, and after a short walk found ourselves at the great door of the ancient Abbey church. Most of the roof had fallen in long ago, but the walls and lofty pillars still stand, a monument of its former grandeur. We were awe-struck as we walked up the nave, and through the choir and transepts, and could almost fancy we heard the chanting of the old monks echoing from the remnants of the vaulted roof. The rest of the monastery is a mass of shapeless ruins, but we could trace the different parts of the building, now venerably gray and mantled with ivy, and it was delightful to linger among these mouldering records of by-gone days,—more beautiful, perhaps, in decay and desolation than in the pomp and pride of monastic power. Noble elms and other trees of larger size are growing in the quadrangle, the refectory, and other parts of the building south of the cloister, and their drooping branches overhang the broken arches and fallen columns of what was formerly the abbot's lordly home. A lawn of the brightest green slopes gradually from the ruins to the river Aire, which glides gently through fertile meadows, and beyond the Abbey the ground rises into high and extensive woodland. The afternoon was bright and beautiful, and the glow over the landscape from the western sky reminded me of some pe-

culiarly lovely sunsets in our own dear country. Kirkstall Abbey was founded in the twelfth century by a body of Cistercian monks, and is considered the third, if not the second, in England in point of picturesque beauty. Being the first we have visited, we have probably enjoyed it more than we shall any other. The little inn 'Hark-to-Rover' close by was, a century ago, the haunt of highwaymen and poachers, and the Abbey was the scene of the tragical event narrated in Southey's poem, 'The Maid of the Inn.'"

Invitations from other valued friends, who had also been pleasant guests of the party in America, next took them to Darlington *viâ* Leeds, and that choicest bit of Northeastern England, Studley Park and Fountains Abbey. The manufacturing industries of Leeds and its associations with Wilberforce and Lord Brougham alike had interest for them, and a little incident in the parish church, where they dropped in while waiting for a train, gave a glimpse of Yorkshire peasant-life which amused them.

"We intended," writes M. A., "only to look at the exterior of the church, but the beadle beckoned us in, and there we saw four couples waiting for the curate to marry them. He came directly, and we saw them all joined in wedlock. The Yorkshire-men were apparently either much confused or excessively ignorant, for they did not even know how to get married, and the beadle found it necessary to direct them.

When one was asked if he took Mary Ann to be his wedded wife, and if he would cherish, love her, etc., he remained mute till the beadle told him, 'Say "I will";' then the poor man recollected himself, and to our great amusement responded most heartily, '*Indeed*, I will!' We suspected that the worldly goods with which the newly-made wives were endowed amounted to very little."

The ride to Ripon lay through a characteristic English landscape, every detail of which was full of charm and interest. The rich verdure of hill and dale, so grateful to eyes accustomed to the frequent droughts of our American summers, the hedgerows, the red-roofed cottages with their luxuriant drapery of creepers and roses, made a flying succession of pictures that hold their own in one's memory, even beside the contrasting grandeurs of Switzerland. The American party, so full of enjoyment and animation, were themselves evidently part of the pleasure, and no doubt the greatest novelty of the trip to two English friends—a lady and gentleman—in the same compartment.

"They told us they were staying at Harrogate, and were going for a day's pleasure to see Fountains Abbey and the Cathedral at Ripon. Our object being the same, we all formed one party, and we found them very pleasant companions. At Ripon

we drove to the Crown and Anchor, a good specimen of a comfortable English inn, and a venerable one too. We entered by a paved side court, and were shown into a parlor hung with paintings and engravings. Two large bow-windows draped with white curtains looked out upon a market-square, in the centre of which is the stone cross erected by Wm. Aislabie, who represented the borough for sixty years. Having ordered breakfast, we went out to look at the cross, purchase some prints, etc., and on our return found a substantial meal, breakfast and dinner combined,—excellent coffee and cream, cold fowl, hot bacon, eggs, sweetmeats, muffins, etc.,—a true English bill of fare."

Fortified by these creature comforts, every sense was at its best for the enjoyment of the choicer feast that awaited them. A drive of three miles brought them to Studley Park.

"What can I say to give you the slightest idea of Studley, with its magnificent deer-park of four hundred acres, its avenue of limes a mile in length, its noble beeches, its Norway firs, . . . and above all the view of the Abbey from Anne Boleyn's Seat? . . . Studley Park was made what it is now by John Aislabie, who raised himself from the rank of a country gentleman to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and his son spent the leisure hours of a long life in maintaining and extending his father's

improvements. He purchased the adjacent land with the ruins of Fountains Abbey, and the two estates united form a combination of beauties that I should think cannot be surpassed in the kingdom."

Here follows a detailed description of the walk which led them, through every variety of natural beauty,—not always enhanced by art,—to the famous ruins. These, too, are enjoyed to the full and carefully described. The day had been a memorable one, yet Fountains, with all the loveliness of its accessories and surroundings, does not, in their estimation, equal that first fresh impression of Kirkstall, where nature, untamed by antiquarian "restorers," had taken exclusive possession,—not only draping the walls, but arching a lofty roof with beams and tracery of her own.

Harrogate with its many attractions, not least among them Bolton Priory, was within easy reach, but time was limited and rest imperative. Late in the evening they were glad to reach Darlington, where their friend, John Pease, was waiting with his carriage to welcome them to another hospitable English home,—to a series of homes in fact, for, besides John Pease's venerable father, Edward Pease, many relatives of the large Gurney family were in the neighborhood, and with these the long and

intimate friendship with Mrs. J. J. Gurney in America had already established a bond of warm interest.*

Perhaps these intervals in the crowded weeks of travel and sight-seeing were the happiest parts of their English stay, and the sisters, always eager to share their pleasures with the sympathetic group at home, write of the family-life of their kind entertainers, and their harmonious relations with children, neighbors, and dependents, with a vividness of enjoyment that leaves but a second place to the most picturesque ruined abbey in the land. Even were it allowable, however, to lift the curtain from these pleasant domestic scenes, the limits of this little memoir would allow but a glance at them.

At York, with but an hour to give to the great Minster, they rose at once to "the height of its great argument." "It seemed to fill our sense of the glorious and beautiful in art. We wanted our minds to expand greatly in order to embrace, comprehend, and enjoy fully its vastness and magnificence."

Some mental effort in an opposite direction must have been needed for the microscopic wonders of Rodgers' show-rooms at Sheffield, where they next stopped *en route* for Chatsworth, seeing among other marvels of cutlery "the famous penknife, with eigh-

* Mrs. J. J. Gurney's own English residence was in Norfolk, to which they paid a visit a few days later.

teen hundred and fifty-one blades, and twelve pairs of perfect scissors, all together weighing only half a grain."

A charming drive in an open barouche from Sheffield, under a lovely English sky of soft clouds and distant gleams of sunshine, took them to the sumptuous palace and grounds of the Duke of Devonshire.

"Once among the Derbyshire hills, grandeur took the place of gentle beauty; the road wound over and between hills sprinkled with large patches of brown heather,—a novel sight to us. We travelled for miles through the hunting-grounds of the Duke of Rutland, breathing a pure, invigorating air, and enjoying the wildness of the landscape and the excellence of the macadamized road. What capital roads there are here,—*all* good! . . . The bare, rugged, and lofty hills of East Moor formed the best possible introduction to the cultivated beauty of Chatsworth."

After the noble scenery of the Moor, the mere prettiness of artificial cascades, etc., were tame indeed, but the great deer-park, the flower-gardens, the orangery, etc., delighted them, and when they reached the grand conservatory, the most magnificent in Europe, under its mountain of glass, then "admiration knew no bounds. . . . We were in a tropical climate of heat and moisture, surrounded by palms, bananas, Norfolk Island pines, etc., all growing in the greatest

luxuriance. Such is the variety, number, and size of these plants, the immense area they occupy, the extreme loftiness and airiness of the glass domes which canopy them over, admitting such an effulgence of light on all sides, from the horizon to the zenith, that the visitor might fancy himself transplanted to their native home and walking through an Indian grove."

Five closely-written pages of the diary are given to the description of this great ducal establishment, —its magnificent halls and staircases adorned with paintings and gems of art; its pictures, carvings, statues, etc.,—until, like children reading the "Arabian Nights," we grow so familiar with splendors that nothing can astonish us.

At last, at the end of a long gallery, our friends catch a glimpse through a great window of the castle park, with its soft uplands, noble trees, and herds of deer, its shaven velvet lawns, its winding walks, its fountains, lakes, and groves; and turning their eyes away from all the interior magnificence, they rest them on the loveliness without. But the guide is relentless: "Ladies! this way to the state apartments!" and obediently they follow on through a long succession of fresh splendors,—Gobelin tapestries, inlaid floors, carved door-ways, coronation-chairs, and full-length portraits of sovereigns in

coronation-robes, the gifts of many a royal and imperial guest. Three hours spent in this way after an early morning of sight-seeing, followed by a long drive, however delightful, was indeed "pushing pleasure to the verge of pain," and they still had to walk to the inn before they could rest. "At the last," says Miss M. A., "it was pretty dragging work, but after a good dinner we felt so refreshed that we drove at once to Haddon Hall, where we were so much interested that I heard nothing more said about fatigue until the next day."

A Western millionnaire might perhaps create a second Chatsworth, but Haddon Hall is *sui generis*, and can never be cheapened by reproduction or imitation. The Friendly gray bonnets passed under its ancient gateway into an atmosphere of medieval romance, in which weariness was forgotten. "It carried us back four hundred years; . . . everything about it impressed us most deeply," from the chapel used before the discovery of America, with its Saxon pillars, rude pulpit, and chaplain's room, no larger than a pantry, but crowded, nevertheless, with "huge medieval boots, pewter dishes, etc., large enough for giants," to the ghost-haunted banqueting-hall and ball-room, while a shadowy Lady Dorothy Vernon stole down the little stairway and along the terrace to meet her lover at the postern-

gate, and invest even the name of a modern post-master-general with romance.

"We could hardly tear ourselves away," wrote Miss Mary Anna, but railway-trains are not indulgent, so stopping at the last moment to look at the united crests of the houses of Vernon and Manners, a boar's head and peacock's tail, each cut in box, they drove to the station, with many backward glances at the beautiful dale in which the old house stands, and memories that were to last a lifetime.

The party would gladly have lingered among the Derbyshire hills. "Matlock looked so inviting, the air was so reviving, so like Berkshire, that we could hardly pass on." They smiled at their own "unreasonableness in wishing to lengthen the days, already so long there is not darkness enough to sleep by," but engagements elsewhere hurried them away, and even Warwick and Kenilworth had to be deferred.

July 5th was marked by memorable visits to Wyndcliffe, Tintern Abbey, and Chepstow Castle. The view from Wyndcliffe, nine hundred feet above the Wye, delighted them; Moss Cottage, at its foot, was enchanting. All this they could hardly bear to leave even for Tintern; but once at the old Abbey,—

"We wanted nothing more for this day, and for

more than two hours we wandered through and round and over these exquisite ruins, thought to exceed in beauty all others either in England or Wales. . . . There was neither the solemn, almost gloomy appearance of antiquity that impressed us at Kirkstall, nor the vastness and magnificence of Fountains Abbey, but a soft and gentle beauty that was resting to the spirit. We felt as if we could never weary of its surpassing loveliness. . . . Among the tombs, with rude carvings and black-letter inscriptions, is one carved with a group of three fishes, the letters of the Greek word ιχθυς forming the initials of the most important of the titles of our blessed Lord:

Ιησους Χριστος Θεου Υιος, Σωτηρ.

"Our drive back to Chepstow was delightful. M. W. enjoyed the views from her elevated seat on the front box. . . . She had been requested to look out for a pleasant, shady spot where we might eat the lunch for which we had been far too busy at Tintern, but for which we now began to feel a keen appetite. She soon found a nook overhung by the branches of a wide-spreading tree, and there, surrounded by rural beauty, we enjoyed our simple repast. The moisture of the climate produces an exuberance of vegetation that we have never seen in our own country. You cannot form an idea of the luxuriance of the ivy; hill-sides covered with it, the trunks of the forest-trees, walls, ruins, all covered with its graceful, glossy foliage. . . . And the daisies, sprinkled over the soft verdure of the closely-shaven lawns, the pink

foxgloves and snapdragons, and other delicate or bright pink flowers, may we never forget them."

At Liskeard, in Cornwall, they paid a pleasant visit to their friend John Allen and his family, Barclay Fox, brother of the Caroline Fox whose charming memories of her delightful family and friends have since been published, coming from Falmouth to meet them. While here they were taken to see a copper-mine, which interested them. Some of the party afterwards took a walk to the "Cheesewring," a natural pile of rocks, near which were some supposed Druidical remains. Among them a group of stones formed a small cave, in which one "Daniel Gumms, disgusted with the taxes required in towns, lived with his wife and eleven children." The walk proving rather long, "M. W. espied a donkey driven by two boys, who readily consented to give us a ride. We all mounted in turn, and had a great deal of amusement. The boys, though rough, were good-natured, and wonderfully pleased with having American ladies ride on their pet Isaac,—a really well-trained and good-tempered donkey, but so small that our feet nearly touched the ground. He was not very fleet, and one of the boys led him while the other applied the lash. Mary was so delighted that she wrote the next day to her father for per-

mission to take home a donkey for the use of her little sisters. These animals are very cheap in Cornwall, the price varying from two shillings and sixpence to fifteen shillings. Our new acquaintances gave but half a crown for Isaac."

On July 9th they left Plymouth for London, and from the Paddington Station went direct to Tottenham to spend a few days with their friends, J. and R. Forster. "Their sister Anne," writes M. A. L., "my correspondent for years, though until now personally unknown to me, came to us glowing with affection and kindness. She was lovely in appearance." Wm. E. Forster, M.P., since so conspicuous a figure in English politics and philanthropy, with his lovely wife and her sister, daughters of the late Dr. Arnold, also arrived during their stay, and added to its interest.

"After breakfast on the 12th our kind friend J. Forster accompanied us back to London, and took us to Wm. Hughes's, where we were to receive by appointment a call from Samuel Gurney. His noble bearing and benevolent countenance were very striking. He met us most kindly, with almost a paternal welcome, and invited us to dine with him next day in company with the Chevalier Bunsen; but a later day suiting our plans better, he permitted us to choose our own time for visiting him. . . . Our

next business was to go to the banker's, and to decide about our courier. We had the choice of two, Joseph Salerno and Maurice Breitschmidt, and the latter being prepossessing in appearance and strongly recommended by Alfred Backhouse, who, in fact, had secured his services for us, A. M. K. decided to take him.

"*7th mo.* 12*th.*—This day was to be given to Windsor. We had no expectation of seeing the Queen, though we much desired a sight of her Majesty, whom we hear everywhere spoken of as a good, prudent mother, as well as an excellent sovereign. Many of her own subjects who live in London have never seen her, but we were fortunate. On arriving at the Windsor Station we noticed the red flag, which indicates her presence, floating from the castle, and found two royal cars waiting to convey her to London. We had a good opportunity of inspecting them. They were elegant, but not gorgeous, of a dark garnet color, and lined with rich brocade. Bouquets of flowers were on the centre-tables. Being told that if we would wait twenty minutes we should see the Queen, we embraced the opportunity. She had given orders to be strictly incognita; but a few like ourselves had heard that she was coming and waited with us, as near as possible to the door of the station-house. Punctually at the hour the gates of the park flew open and two barouches dashed forward, each drawn by four white horses, each pair of which was driven by a postilion; two Lords or Honorables attended on horseback. The Queen and a lady-in-

waiting occupied the first carriage, and the Prince of Wales and his tutor the other. They alighted near where we were standing, and we had a capital view of the Queen. She wore a thin white dress, with a white crape bonnet and blue silk shawl. Her face expressed amiability and good sense. As the barouches crossed the road a poor Italian was passing, carrying on his head a collection of bronzed statuettes. The Prince took a fancy to them and spoke to his mother, who ordered the man to be called. The Prince selected four of the figures, for which the Queen paid the Italian a sovereign—more than double the price he asked—and presented him with a rose. He was of course highly delighted, and put the rose in the front of his cap, where we saw it in the latter part of the day.

"The Queen and her suite then went on to London, the Prince to drive, and we, after taking a lunch, set out to see the Castle, which has been a royal residence for seven hundred and fifty years."

A few days later they left London for Norwich, a place of peculiar interest to them, not only as the home for many years of their dear and valued friend, Mrs. J. J. Gurney, but from its association with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Fry, and many other gifted and interesting members of the Gurney family. The sisters were already familiar with the aspect of Earlham and its various neighboring homes through the spirited drawings of Mrs. Cunningham (*née* Richenda

Gurney), and every detail had a charm for them. The venerable homestead itself was full of family relics, many of which they had heard of, and almost every nook and corner had its association with some revered and cherished name. Many of the servants at the time of the American Mrs. Gurney's residence were still in the service of the family, and their eager inquiries after their old mistress and respectful messages of "duty" and affection as they pointed out her favorite haunts, were not forgotten in the long letter written to her by the sisters before they left the familiar ground.

One of the incidents related in this letter is a call on Mrs. Opie, a name familiar to the literary world of the last generation.

"Wm. Forster had kindly apprised Amelia Opie of our intention to call. She is so lame that she is obliged to sit mostly on a couch, but she is the most queenly-looking elderly person I ever saw."

On returning to London they paid a visit, already arranged, to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gurney.

"S. and I drove to Plaistow Meeting, where we found our friend and his family waiting for us. They took us directly into the meeting-house, where Samuel Gurney and his wife sat at the head of the gallery, side by side. It was interesting to remember

that in this very house the sweet voice of his sister, Elizabeth Fry, had often arisen in prayer and praise. . . . After meeting we drove with them to their delightful home, Ham House, and were introduced to their eldest daughter, Sarah Gurney, and her sister, Elizabeth de Bunsen,* with her lovely group of children. . . . S. G. then proposed a walk, and took us through his beautiful grounds to Upton Lane, the last earthly home of Elizabeth Fry."

Here, as at so many other noteworthy places in the course of their English trip, the weather was perfect. Miss M. A. speaks especially of the beauty of the late afternoon upon the lawn and of the early morning, as they looked out of their chamber window and saw their host, a man of noble and distinguished bearing, walking about his grounds leaning upon the arm of his son. Everything combined to make this little visit to Ham House an especial pleasure. After breakfast, June 18th, Mr. Gurney drove them back to London, where they were that day to have admission, through his influence, to the houses of Parliament, then in session.

"At twelve o'clock our whole party repaired to Westminster Hall, where we were met by James Bell,

* Ernest de Bunsen, a son of the Chevalier B., had married a daughter of Mr. S. Gurney.

M.P., who very politely attended us. In passing from hall to hall we saw a great many of the members and their friends, in small groups, engaged in earnest conversation. We were taken first into the gallery overlooking the room occupied by the House of Commons, the walls of which are lined with oak, richly carved; the windows are of stained glass. But the gallery for visitors is very small and screened by a lattice, which interfered with our hearing and seeing. The Speaker in his peculiar dress and wig; the messenger from the Lords in his costume, bowing deferentially to the Commons, and after delivering his message walking backwards, bowing, until he reached the door; and the perfect freedom of speech under this monarchical government, surprised us not a little. The subject of the debate was quite interesting. John Bright was one of the speakers, and if time had permitted we could have listened to the proceedings for hours. . . . In threading our way to the House of Lords through halls and passages, the mention of Lord Augustus Clifford's name opened every door to us instantly, until we found ourselves in the presence of the nobles of the land. The Earl of Aberdeen, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Duke of Argyle, and Lord Monteagle took part in the discussion, but there were many in both Houses who were evidently not listening. It is said they prefer reading the accounts of the debates in the morning papers. The House of Lords is furnished and decorated in a most gorgeous style, with richly gilt mouldings, emblazoning of arms, paintings, and

stained-glass windows. The House of Commons is more plainly furnished, but we thought it more beautiful.

"The evening was spent at Mme. Tussaud's. Exhibitions of this kind we have never had a desire to see, but this one is well worthy of a visit, being informing as well as entertaining, and faithfully representing many distinguished persons. The dresses had many of them been worn by the individuals themselves. Among royal personages were Henry VIII. and his six wives, Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and their children, the present Emperor and Empress of France, Queens Mary and Elizabeth, and Mary, Queen of Scots, the Emperors of Russia and Austria, Cardinal Wolsey, Oliver Cromwell, Napoleon, etc. Wm. Cobbett, sitting with a gold snuff-box in one hand, was so very life-like that I was quite deceived, and asked his pardon for treading on his toes. We became at last quite puzzled in walking among the figures and the visitors, to know which were the true and which the false."

A visit to Hampton Court occupied part of the last day in London.

"We had expected the other members of our party to join us at Hampton Court, but they found too much to be done on this last day in England, and sent in their stead our newly-engaged courier."

The sisters spent a long afternoon at the old pal-

ace, inspecting it in every part, and recording in the home journal not only their impressions of its architecture, within and without, its paintings, its old curiosities, its stiff, yet stately grounds, labyrinth, etc., but a summary of its eventful history.

"We were glad of our courier's protection while returning in the steamboat," Miss M. A. continues, "and had a charming sail down the Thames in the long rosy twilight, past Richmond, Kew, Battersea, Vauxhall, Westminster," etc., every name historic and picturesque. They found entertainment in the sight of the middle-class British public taking its diversion in the throng of pleasure-boats, and especially enjoyed the great number of stately swans, one hundred at one point, sailing leisurely and gracefully down the stream.

"20*th*.—It was with no slight satisfaction to us all that trunks, boxes, bundles of shawls, and all the et cætera were handed over to the care of our courier, Maurice Breitschmidt, and that without any thought for these most important needfuls we could give ourselves up to the enjoyment of the present scene and pleasurable anticipations of the future. At the station we added to our stock of guide-books, and were soon whirled away from London in the express-train for Dover, passing through a beautifully-cultivated country, and then over the Downs, cropped

by many a flock of nibbling sheep. We are delighted with the sheep in England, they are so white. It is not a poetical license to say they 'whiten all the plain.' They *do*.

"At Dover there was only time to glance at its white cliffs, get a piece of flint imbedded in chalk, and catch a distant view of the Castle. At eleven we hurried on board the steamer that was to convey us to 'La Belle France.' True, we were leaving more beautiful England, and many loved and truly kind friends, but with a vision of the *Alps* before us, could we do otherwise than cry Excelsior?

"With this day of bright sunshine, as bright as in America, ends the first portion of our tour."

CHAPTER V.

THE RHINE AND SWITZERLAND.

"*Dover, Calais, Ghent, 7th mo. 20th*, 1853."—So begins the first letter to mother and aunt on foreign soil outlining the first day of travel. The Channel passage had been exceptionally smooth.

"I enjoyed it *greatly*. Even dear S. suffered very little. The sea-breeze was delightful and so exhilarating! . . . When we stepped on shore how strange everything looked! We went first to the custom-house, but as we were going immediately to Belgium, it was not necessary to examine our trunks. Breitschmidt knows everything that is to be done, and how to do it. You cannot think how delightful it is to travel with such a person.

"Calais, with its wall, and odd houses, and women wearing caps in the street without bonnets, does look very different from America or England. At the hotel beauty and taste were everywhere visible in the most minute arrangements. Its neat court-yard was beautiful with flowers, and from it we passed into a large and quite elegant garden.

"On the way to Ghent by rail we found the country as different from what we had seen as Calais was

unlike the towns. No fences as in America; no hedges as in England, except very rarely, to adorn villas, etc.; no umbrageous trees almost sweeping the ground with their long pendent branches, but quite sparse, and arranged in long lines as stiff as possible,—never a tree or clump of trees in a field. We arrived at Ghent, or Gand, at eight o'clock, and went to a capital hotel, facing a public square, 'La Place d'Armes,' upon which the balcony of our parlor opened.

"*7th mo. 21st.*—This was a grand *fête* day in Belgium, the twenty-second anniversary of the accession of Leopold. Saw a procession of soldiers on their way to the Cathedral, where there is to be a Te Deum at 11 A.M. It was a fine thing for us to see the Cathedral prepared for this great occasion. The numerous chapels, with their gates of brass-work, statues, paintings, etc., delighted us. One of the most famous of the latter is Van Eyk's Adoration of the Lamb, containing more than three hundred heads, all finished with miniature accuracy; but we thought it more curious than beautiful. Its coloring is superb, as fresh and bright as if finished yesterday, though four hundred years old. There were several other fine paintings which even our unpractised eyes appreciated. 'Ah,' we exclaimed, 'we never saw paintings till now!' And indeed the whole scene of the high altar, the exquisite carved wood-work, the burning candles, etc., was so interesting that we did wish for a whole day in Ghent. The *commissionaire* engaged by Breitschmidt was so expeditious, how-

ever, that we had time after leaving the chapels—at which we cast many longing, lingering looks behind —to drive round the city, market-places, etc.

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"As we crossed the Scheldt in the steamboat, we had a good view of Antwerp; its Cathedral was in full sight, and saluted our ears with its silvery chime of eighty-five bells. They ring every quarter of an hour, and the music is very pleasing, though I thought it had not quite the merry, joyous burst of the York Minster peal, which welcomed us to York on the anniversary of Victoria's coronation: but the churches we have already visited on the Continent surpass in gorgeousness everything we have previously seen. To-day being a holiday throughout Belgium, great numbers of the people both in Ghent and Antwerp were in the streets and squares, and they seem as much amused with our appearance as we are with theirs. All the women wear caps, often with high crowns and long lappets,—many of the working-people wooden shoes. What a clatter they made!

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"The situation of our hotel at Brussels was very fine. Our parlor balcony overlooked the Place Royale, with a fine statue of Godfrey of Bouillon. We hesitated whether to devote the next day to the field of Waterloo or to Brussels. The city had the unanimous choice of our Quaker party, though if it had not required a drive of eight hours, we should have been much interested in seeing the battle-field.

We had driven round the evening before to see the illumination in honor of the king, but we now took a barouche for the whole day, and saw Brussels to our full satisfaction; . . . the Hôtel de Ville, with its beautiful tower of Gothic open-work, three hundred and sixty-four feet high, . . . and the church of Ste. Gudule, with its stained-glass windows, considered the finest in Europe. The colors are magnificent.

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"Next morning I awaked at half-past three, and looked out on the Place Royale, where gaslights were burning brightly around the statue of Godfrey de Bouillon,—and sentinels pacing. At 4 A.M. the beautiful morning light and sound of many feet passing again drew me to the window, and I was much amused to see the women in short, bright-colored skirts and short gowns going to market with baskets of vegetables on their heads; some men with piles of cabbages ten feet high, carried in the same way; milk-women, each with her bright brass *pot-au-lait*, often not touched by her hands; others with milk and vegetables in their little carts drawn by one or two dogs. It was all very novel and interesting. . . .

"The ride past Liège was beautiful as we descended the valley of the Meuse. . . . How many places there are where it would be pleasant to rest a few days! But on, on to the Rhine and La Suisse! We did, however, stop two hours at Aix, and saw a great deal in that time; . . . above all, an apparently interminable procession of pilgrims on their way to

the Cathedral to see the Great Relics, said to have been given to Charlemagne by the Patriarch of Jerusalem and Haroun-al-Raschid. The double column was kept in place by soldiers on horseback. Four francs and a little tact on the part of our driver introduced us to the sacristan, who took us by a private door into the church, where we had a very good view both of the relics and the pilgrims. We saw also Charlemagne's throne and tomb.

"*Cologne, 7mo. 24th,* 1853.—We arrived here last evening, driving through a massive gateway (Cologne is strongly fortified). . . . We have a delightful, large parlor, with windows looking directly upon the Rhine, and its bridge of boats fourteen hundred feet long, connecting Cologne with Deutz. Very beautiful did the Rhine look in the evening, reflecting the lights in the vessels and on the opposite shore, and in a different direction the broad light of the full moon. It was a grand sight, such as the memory clings to through life.

"This morning we went to the far-famed Cathedral and heard High Mass (a ceremony we never before had an opportunity of seeing performed). I regretted I had not read an account of it, or had it explained to me, for I could not make out what the priests were doing with their bowing and genuflexions. There was more solemnity and devotion apparent in their manner than I had expected to see; but whatever good the worship may have done to *them*, I did not see how it was to benefit the people. There were many strangers present, but they be-

haved with great propriety. I saw no one smile or talk. The Archbishop was dressed in a violet-colored robe, and cap of the same color. . . . Thirty or forty priests sat on each side of the altar, chanting responses, etc. One of these, who was quite near me, had a very interesting countenance. It expressed occasionally anguish of spirit, and I fancied his heart . . . aspired, like Luther's, after something more soul-satisfying. As soon as mass was over we went home quietly for the rest of the day.

"25*th*.—After breakfast we went shopping, for *real* cologne, etc., then again to the Cathedral. I cannot convey any idea of the exquisite delight it gave me to look up at the gray arches and vaulted roof. The choir is greatly admired, but it did not fill me with the same awe and delight as the rest of the church. I enjoyed the latter so much that when the time came to visit other curiosities of Cologne, I begged the rest of the party to leave me there, preferring that one great object should be thoroughly impressed on my mind rather than to have a mere glimpse of several. I enjoyed highly five painted windows, and a very ancient painting in distemper representing the Adoration of the Magi. I saw the slab in the pavement under which the heart of Marie de Medici lies buried, . . . and walked up and down the aisles and into the different chapels, sometimes sitting down to contemplate the various groups around me, some of them strangers attracted hither by curiosity, but mostly of the people, in their usual garb, often with a basket on their arm, as if they had come from their

work to their devotions. They kneeled in silence, some before one shrine, some before another, and after a short time walked quietly away. I was much affected by seeing numbers of women at different times come in and kneel before an image of the Virgin and Child, under which was written, 'The Consoler of the Afflicted.' There were more worshippers at this shrine than at any other, and though I knew that Mary could not answer their prayers, I did not doubt that He who knoweth the secrets of all hearts, who is a God of great mercy and full of pity, listens to these poor creatures in their low estate, judges of their sincerity, and comforts them in their distresses. There was also another exceedingly old image of our Saviour, carved out of wood, that seemed to be in great repute. . . .

"We left Cologne at 1.30 P. M., glad to get away from its disagreeable odors, which still warrant the lines of Coleridge, though it is said the city is much cleaner than formerly. The scenery of the Rhine is insignificant until we reach Bonn; then the beautiful cluster of mountains called the Siebengebirge rose before our view. As we wished to ascend the Drachenfels, our courier advised us to go on to Kŏnigswinter, from which the ascent is easily made. Immediately on arriving at the hotel we made arrangements to ascend, and a very amusing, merry ride we had,—my first donkey-ride. It was not at all fatiguing. We alighted on a level at the foot of the castle. . . . I shall not soon forget the rich coloring of the valley and hill-slopes, nor the grand

dark clouds that rested on the neighboring mountain-tops; nor the party from Berlin, who sang one of their national songs with great enthusiasm; our merry descent on the donkeys; the flowers the peasants gathered for us from the roadside, and our escape from the rain, which began to fall heavily as soon as we reached the court-yard on our return. The mountain air and the exercise we had taken gave additional zest to the capital supper Breitschmidt had ordered for us. The view from our windows at early dawn was exquisite. At 3½ A.M. a party passed on the Pont volant singing a lay of the Rhine; . . . then came the market-women. But oh! the beautiful mountains! the light every moment bringing into view new objects of beauty. . . .

"*Coblentz, 7th mo. 26th.*—Our rooms here look out directly not only upon the Rhine but the stupendous frowning fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, the strongest in Germany. It has been rebuilt by the Prussians, and its magazines will hold provisions for eight thousand men for ten years. . . . Above Coblentz the shores of the river contract, and the scenery increases in grandeur. The castles succeeded each other so quickly that it was difficult to dwell upon any one as long as we wished. . . . The Castle of Marksburg delighted me. . . . The Fortress of Rheinfels is the most extensive ruin on the Rhine, and truly magnificent in its appearance. . . . At St. Goar, as the river turned, we came in sight of one of its finest points, the dark, frowning precipice of the Lurley, then quickly to the charming town of Oberwesel,

with its many-turreted walls, lofty round 'Ox-tower,' and beautiful church,—Liebfrauenkirche. . . . After passing the ruins of Sonneck the castles were still more crowded. The river is here called 'the castellated Rhine,' Falkenburg and Rheinstein succeeding each other immediately.

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"*Frankfort, 7th mo. 28th.*— . . . When we arrived here our good Breitschmidt, who had gone on in the morning to attend to various matters, met us with our American letters in his pocket, and as soon as we were seated in our carriages, we were so happy in reading them that for a time we were quite insensible to the beauty of the town we were entering. . . . The beautiful residences of the rich bankers and merchants, surrounded by gardens, made our first impressions of Frankfort delightful. The new town is magnificent, and the old town most curious and interesting. . . .

"*29th.*—After breakfast we drove to Bethman's Garden to see Dannecker's far-famed statue of Ariadne, and to a beautiful cemetery outside the walls. One part was appropriated to the Jews, and we noticed a few *crosses* even there. We were delighted with the bas-reliefs by Thorwaldsen in the tomb of the Bethman family. Returning through the picturesque Eschenheim gate, with its venerable tower of the fourteenth century, we drove to a small open square, in which is a very fine bronze statue of Goethe, the subjects of the bas-reliefs being taken from Goethe's own works. I saw here what pleased

me as much as the statue: two little children playing with sand; the little boy, about four years old, making a garden, in which he had planted a green tree, while the little girl was wheeling sand for him. The mothers were sitting by, knitting. Then we went by the house in which Goethe lived; saw Luther's house in the Dom Platz, and the window looking upon the market-place from which he used to preach to the people; also other old houses in the neighborhood, especially the Römer, in the banqueting-hall of which emperors were once waited upon by kings and princes. . . . Rode through several streets in the Jews' quarter, some of them so extremely narrow that persons in the opposite houses might almost shake hands; black, dismal-looking they were, like dens for thieves. Some of these passages looked as if daylight had never penetrated them. Ventilation must be impossible.

"We saw too the house in which the Rothschilds were born. The old mother, who persisted in remaining in it to the last, died lately at a very great age. Her children lived in princely mansions, two of which we saw in our drive last evening. We went to the bank of the Rothschilds, and saw two of the brothers, Anselm and Charles, the former, the eldest of the family, a venerable-looking man, with snow-white hair. At the Public Library we were shown a Bible of the first edition printed by Faust at Mentz. We longed to examine it more leisurely, but it was almost time to set off for Heidelberg, so we merely glanced at Luther's huge shoes, etc., . . . and, though

surrounded by much that was tempting, ran downstairs, and drove swiftly back to our hotel, where we found the rest of our party, trunks, etc., ready to depart, and our courier in a wonderful way, thinking we should be left. We were not, however, but the baggage was charged extra, which is not the case when it is at the station fifteen minutes before the time. The cars were differently arranged from any we had yet been in. The division in which we sat was front, with glass windows almost all around. This was particularly agreeable, as the country between Frankfort and Heidelberg is the most beautiful we have yet passed through by railroad. The mountainous district called the Odenwald, forming the eastern boundary of the Rhine valley, its hill-tops now and then crowned by a ruined castle, was on our left. . . . The old post-road, the 'Bergstrasse,' celebrated for its beauty, ran near us for the greater part of the way.

"*Heidelberg, 7th mo.* 30*th.*—After breakfast the donkeys were brought to the door, and we ascended the hill to the castle. . . . The heavy teeth of the portcullis looked terrific. Over a stone door-way, where a good old king stood frowning, a group of the loveliest harebells and grasses was growing luxuriantly. We sat for some time on the balcony of Friedrichsban enjoying the view of the Neckar; the town of Heidelberg at our feet; far in the distance the Rhine dimly seen. . . . We visited the dungeons, the famous Tun, the ruined and desolate garden, . . . and the tower which the French undermined and tried

to blow up; but so strongly was it built that instead of crumbling to pieces half of it merely slid down from its place in a solid mass. . . . A beautiful walk down through overhanging trees brought us again to the level of the town. . . .

"After dinner we left for Baden-Baden, and found delightful apartments reserved for us at the Hôtel de l'Europe through Breitschmidt's 'four lines.' Fifty persons who applied for rooms this very day had to go elsewhere.

"*Baden-Baden, 7th mo. 31st, First day.*—We are delightfully situated, and though in a town where there is a great deal of gayety and dissipation, we have been as quiet as if at home, out of reach of all noise and bustle. Our hotel surpasses any we have ever seen,—large, clean, very airy; a great staircase in the centre of the house, lighted by a fine skylight; plants in blòom on every step. Directly under our parlor windows, which open on a balcony, is a beautiful little garden; beyond that the little river Oos, not wider than one of our canals, but flowing rapidly over a rocky bed, clear and sparkling like a New England stream, soothes us with its silvery murmur. . . . After breakfast Susy and myself took a delightful, quiet stroll; never did we feel more the sweet, calming influences of nature. . . . Returning to our quiet chamber, we had a comfortable time of reading and meditation, and remained within-doors until nearly seven in the evening, when we went on the same hill in front of the hotel where we had walked in the morning. We gathered a variety of beautiful

wild-flowers, and at almost every turn in the path a new landscape met our view. We had a real climb in the woods that made me feel taller and straighter than I had done for many a day.

"*8th mo. 1st.*—Baden-Baden is certainly by far the most beautiful watering-place I have ever seen. . . . With a few minutes' walk we may be in the depths of dark woods. There are numerous drives in every direction, surpassing even those of our favorite Berkshire. . . .

"In the evening we went for a few minutes into the Kursaal and looked at the gamblers, but did not see much excitement. The players seemed to feel little concern as the rows of gold and silver changed owners every moment. It was difficult to realize that they were not simply counters in the hands of children. The moment after 'Messieurs, faites le jeu' we heard 'Le jeu est fini.'

"*8th mo. 2d.*—At 8½ A.M. we set off for Basle, and had not the weather been excessively hot the journey would have been delightful; as it was we much enjoyed the views of the Rhine, on whose banks we were travelling,—islands in the river, fine woods, and mountains in the distance. Four miles before arriving at Basle we were transferred to an omnibus, we three being in the coupé; the delicious air blowing fresh from the mountains was quite reviving. Entering the city we crossed a bridge, which gave us a very fine view of Basle, the Rhine being at this point curved like a bow. From our parlor balcony we have the most beautiful view up and down

both banks of the river. It looks noble here; is of a bluer tint and clearer than at Cologne or Coblentz. . . .

"At ten o'clock we left Basle for Schaffhausen in two carriages,—we three, Susan, Mary, and myself, feeling very cosey in one of them. Our road lay altogether on the banks of the Rhine. . . . We noticed cows and horses attached to the same plough, and in one instance a woman ploughing; quite as many women as men work in the fields, and excessively sunburnt they look. Many of them indeed have so lost every trace of female grace and beauty, that they are to be distinguished from the men by their dress only. Ploughs and other agricultural implements seem clumsy. . . . The people are very thrifty and industrious, turning every nook of land to some account, and cultivating the steepest slopes. . . . We stopped for the night at Waldshut, a small walled town, consisting principally of one street, gates and towers at each end; houses very old looking. We took our tea in a summer-house on the very brink of the Rhine, commanding a fine view up and down the river.

"*8th mo. 4th. Falls of the Rhine.*—We were so fortunate as to obtain rooms directly in front of the Falls, and close by them. . . . And these are considered the finest falls in Europe! but far inferior in grandeur to Niagara, and less picturesque than Trenton Falls, we must admit they are. . . . We crossed in a row-boat to the opposite shore, and climbed up a high bank to the Castle of Laufen, situated most picturesquely,

directly over the rushing cataract; . . . then descending some flights of steps to a balcony, we stood immediately by the side of the dashing, foaming, roaring torrent, receiving the spray and mist in our faces. From this point we enjoyed the Falls exceedingly; grandeur almost terrific was added to their beauty. . . . At sunset we caught a glimpse of some very high and distant Alps, crowned with *snow;* the first we have seen. . . .

"*8th mo. 5th.*—On the way to Zurich a heavy rain came on, but we were very cosey in our little glass house (their carriage), and read and talked most happily . . . We stopped at an inn by the roadside, where the horses were fed with bread,—a customary thing in this part of the country."

At Zurich, and on the noble drive thence to Lucerne by way of Lake Zug, clouds and rain, though obscuring many of the finest points, perhaps heightened the impression of ever-increasing grandeur. At Lucerne they shared the enthusiasm of all travellers at the first sight of the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons. It was a scene of ideal loveliness.

On the 8th of August they ascended the Rigi,—Miss Mary Anna in a *chaise à porteurs*, Miss Susan on a donkey,—for these were the happy days, when as yet railways among the clouds were not. The fascinating winding bridle-path with its momently unfolding glories of snow-capped peaks baffled all

words, yet for the mother and aunt at home who will never see this wonderful Rigi with their bodily eyes, they must try to describe it, even down to the exquisite wayside flowers that delight Miss M. A.'s heart. They were fortunate in the sunset view from the Kulm, the whole panorama being clear except the Bernese Oberland; the Jungfrau, as is her tantalizing wont, hiding her face behind a misty veil. The courier had remained below to superintend the alteration of a travelling carriage, but had sent his brother Sebastian, living in Lucerne, in his place. The poor Swiss evidently considered himself responsible for the behavior of his native peaks, and now hung all his hopes on a perfect sunrise. But alas! the next morning "the mist was thicker than a Newport fog! Poor Breit was nowhere to be found." These caprices of the "Monk" and the "Maiden" had disgraced him.

"Nevertheless," said Miss Susan, "I was not very much disappointed, and thought the mist very fine, as I walked along the mountain-crest. . . . It was bitterly cold. I saw one pedestrian with knapsack on his back and pipe in his mouth splitting wood to warm himself, while the wood-cutter stood by, wondering. But suddenly there was a change. The mist rolled away from lake and valley up the side of the mountain, the sun shining upon it, blue sky

overhead. I ran to call the others, and returned quickly to find all again covered with the thickest fog. We concluded not to wait, for it might not clear till noon, when lo! the whole panorama was unveiled to our admiring gaze; we could hardly turn from it, for it changed every moment, . . . clouds on mountains, mountains piled on clouds, in the greatest confusion. Still Sebastian B. was not satisfied: 'You do not see the peaks and glaciers of the Bernese Alps!'"

But they thought they had seen a vision "such as this green earth could not elsewhere show," and were content. The descent, with this changing cloud and mountain picture before them, was almost as enjoyable as any part of the expedition.

"On arriving again at Lucerne our good Breitschmidt had the carriage all ready,—a coach-box put on for A. and M.,—our clothes washed and sorted (!), a book provided for my flowers, our trunks repaired, everything done. . . . We have a large, easy carriage that will accommodate, if necessary, six persons inside. Now imagine Susan and Mary on the back seat, myself in front with Murray, etc., a capital map of Switzerland, a great pile of shawls by my side, and you see us almost as well as if you were looking at us with your bodily eyes. We have four horses, and a postilion to drive, in a blue coat faced with scarlet, with short scarlet flaps; he is a droll-

looking personage, and sits on the left hind horse, cracking his whip very often to the imminent danger of one's face; the horses' bells make a very cheerful sound as we ride over hill and valley. . . .

"*8th mo.* 10*th.*—We set off (from Lucerne) for Interlaken very early, having a long day's journey before us. The whole village appeared to have turned out to see the departure of the foreigners."

It was the unusual sight of the Friends' costume that attracted all this attention. Miss M. A. says in another place:

"It is curious to observe how much notice we attract; our dress is as novel to these people as theirs is to us. We do them a kindness when we take a good look at them, by giving them the opportunity of having a good look at us. The courier tells us they take us for a new order of nuns.

"We were constantly watching for the chain of the Bernese Alps, but the air was too misty to see them. We saw the conical peak of the Stockhorn and the darkly frowning Niesen, which form as it were the advanced guard of the Alps, and almost overtop the town of Thun, where we stopped to dine. Thun is a very ancient-looking place, and near its wall is a feudal castle seven hundred years old. Its situation is very picturesque, and its environs are considered among the finest in Switzerland. . . . We crossed the Aar, a beautiful stream, rushing out of the lake as clear as crystal, and took an

excellent, smooth road along the south shore to Interlaken. The distance is only fifteen miles, and our American horses would soon have whirled us over it, but these poor creatures, though the best we have had in Switzerland, were from 4 P.M. until after sunset on the road. Still, there was no cause for regret; . . . the majestic mountains rising on every side, . . . the sunset tinting them with rosy and purple light, giving the lake the appearance of a sea of gold, made us far more willing to linger than to hasten through scenes so exquisitely lovely."

Breitschmidt could forgive the Jungfrau for her caprices at the Rigi, if she would only be propitious at Interlaken. But he was helpless. "*Il faut prier!*" he cried, in his fervor of desire.

"And when I awoke at dawn next morning," says Miss Susan, . . . "and in the clearest possible atmosphere beheld the Jungfrau and Silberhorn in perfect beauty, I could hardly contain myself for joy. . . . So we all set out in high spirits for Lauterbrunnen—all beauty as well as 'all fountains'—and the cascade of Staubach; ascended the Wengern Alp on horseback, dined in full view of the Jungfrau and the Silberhorn, with avalanches thundering in our sight and hearing; and went over the Lesser Scheideck to Grindelwald, under the shadow of giant peaks, with glaciers between them. Here we drew our blanket shawls about us, some of our party even dismounting, that their aching feet might be warmed."

In descending toward the valley of Meyringen, the path lay now through a forest of dark fir-trees, above whose tops they could catch the dazzling gleam of snow-peaks and aiguilles, now over steep Alpine pastures, where many herds of cows were feeding, the musical tinkle of their bells blending with the deep roar of an occasional avalanche. Other travellers were descending the same pass,—some on foot, with alpenstocks and knapsacks covered with chamois-skins, others, like themselves, on horseback. They stop at a mountain hut for the refreshments of strawberries and cream. "Do not envy us," says Miss Mary Anna, "but come and enjoy it all for yourselves." So bracing was the air on this delightful day of Alpine climbing they rode on horseback twenty-three miles with little fatigue. The next day they reached the lake at Brienz, and "we were rowed across to see the Giesbach, the most picturesque waterfall, or rather succession of waterfalls, I ever saw;" . . . with its dark forest setting, "it seemed to descend from the clouds."

The party then returned to Interlaken, and spent several delightful, restful days in full view of the glorious Jungfrau. On August 15th she was again veiled in mist. It was one of those days all travellers know by experience only too well. "Home thoughts from abroad" are rarely exhilarating, and Miss Mary

Anna's turned in a direction most natural at this season. "My dear pupils," she writes, "came to my recollection so tenderly and vividly, and thoughts of school, and how they would be settled, that I was foolish enough to shed some tears." Happily, as they were leaving Interlaken, the mists rolled away, chasing sad thoughts with them, and the last glimpse of the dazzling mountain group was entrancing. *En route* for Berne they stopped once more at Thun, and again enjoyed its exquisite surroundings.

As they moved southward from Berne heavy showers entirely concealed the Lake of Geneva until they were just above Vevay. Here the rain ceased, and the magnificent snow-covered peaks at the eastern end of the lake were resplendent in the golden rays of the setting sun.

Of the many interesting points around Vevay they had only time to visit one, the old Castle of Chillon. The drive along the shore, past Clarens and Montreux, convinced them that "nothing *could* be more beautiful," until the same afternoon they steamed down the lake to Geneva and saw Mont Blanc, sixty miles away, lifting his majestic head "as if he belonged not to this lower world."

Two members of the party now deciding to give up the visit to Northern Italy, engaged another courier, leaving the faithful Breitschmidt to attend

Miss Mary Anna and her sister, with their young friend, Mary W., to Geneva and Chamonix, *en route* for the Italian lakes, Genoa, Florence, etc.

"*Geneva, 8th mo. 19th.*—Not a cloud in the blue sky; Mont Blanc visible *all day*. . . . After dinner we set off to call on the Baronne de Staël at her chateau on the lake, near Coppet; were much disappointed to find her absent, but Susan wrote a note giving Uncle Grellet's message. The steward took us into the large library, dining- and drawing-rooms, in which were fine portraits of Mme. de Staël, etc. The whole building interested us, not only as the home of this excellent woman, but as a specimen of a French chateau. Its exterior has no pretensions to elegance, though the approach through a long avenue of trees is rather imposing. We drove there in a *char-à-banc* —an odd kind of conveyance, with windows only on one side, opposite the passengers, who sit sideways. On our way to Coppet the Jura range was constantly before us; returning, the exquisitely lovely lake with its numerous pleasure-boats, etc., . . . the lateen-sails (peculiar to this lake and the Mediterranean) having the appearance of great white wings, as of an immense bird brooding over the placid waters. . . . And there was Mont Blanc, perfectly distinct and well defined, towering up into the sky, its exhaustless mass of snow, purely white against the azure vault, looking close upon us, though really sixty miles away; and in addition to this, a perfect reflection of it in the lake, though mountains of great height

themselves intervene between it and its liquid mirror."

They reached the city in time for another glorious sunset, followed by an evening so calm and beautiful that they were tempted out for a moonlight row upon the lake, Mont Blanc in pale splendor still faintly visible.

There was much further interest for them in Geneva, not only from its strong associations with Calvin and John Knox, with Saussure, Huber, De Candolle, and Sismondi, but from its being at that time the home of D'Aubigné, Malan, and others, who seemed to the sisters to be holding up the standard of a pure Christianity at a crisis of great importance. They would gladly have lingered another day or two, but Breitschmidt was urgent they should take advantage of the fine weather and push on to Chamonix.

The large travelling carriage had been left for a few days with the other members of the party, so the trio took seats in the coupé of the regular diligence. The long drive to this most famous of Alpine valleys was a fitting prelude to its glories.

Their rooms at Chamonix were as usual most happily chosen: "opening upon a wide balcony or terrace, from which we look directly up at Mont Blanc,

the Glacier des Bossons on one side, the Mer de Glace on the other." It was near sunset when they arrived; all the peaks, the Dome, the aiguilles, were illuminated with rosy and golden tints; but soon all faded into cold white, except Mont Blanc, "which, sovereign-like, remained gloriously and proudly bright when all other terrestrial things were wrapped in the shades of evening. And while he was still wearing his golden crown the evening star appeared, gemming the blue sky directly above his head. . . . There was surely enough of beauty and sublimity to awaken poetic fires in the dullest breast; but though there was no slumbering spark in me capable of being thus kindled, I could and did heartily enjoy a great poet's outpourings in Coleridge's hymn to Mont Blanc."

The next day, Sunday, was spent quietly, but in deep enjoyment of their surroundings. For the two additional days of their stay there was truly an embarrassment of riches in the way of excursions. One day, of course, must be given to the Mer de Glace; on the other, Miss Susan, who was a capital mountain climber, was eager to try Le Brévent. "She could ascend Mont Blanc," said Breitschmidt, in enthusiastic admiration of her prowess. After some inquiry he found an American gentleman and his daughter who were as glad of the addition to their

party as she was to join them, and the whole expedition was made most successfully, with extreme enjoyment and no fatigue.

Miss Mary Anna meanwhile, who was not equal to so arduous a climb, made with her young friend Mary W., and quite a party of others, the easier ascent of La Flégère. "We did not expect Susan at home until 6 P.M., but to our great delight she made her appearance at four, as bright and fresh as a bird, and we had a very pleasant talk over the day's adventures."

By 7 A.M. the next morning they were on their mules for Montanvert and the Mer de Glace.

"For a great part of our ascent we were in the shade, riding through a forest of firs and larches, the roots of which were covered with beautiful mosses, ferns, and flowers; in some places there were little patches *red* with strawberries. . . . At the inn on Montanvert we dismounted, and with our alpenstocks in one hand and the guide's arm in the other, walked down the steep bank that borders the Mer de Glace. It is not until we are on this vast sea that we can form an idea of its size, . . . every object round it being of such stupendous dimensions. The Aiguille Verte alone, which rises immediately above it, is thirteen thousand feet above the sea-level."

The little party met many friends in Chamonix, and pleasant social intercourse, always so great an addition

to the charm of travelling, refreshed them after days spent among the glaciers and aiguilles. The weather had been perfect,—they had seen Mont Blanc by sunset and by moonlight, even a wind-storm with shifting clouds adding a new phase of grandeur. Perhaps no part of the whole journey was more complete in enjoyment than this.

Retaining the same guides and mules they had found so satisfactory in these excursions, they crossed the Tête Noire to Martigny,—a wilder route no doubt at that day than at the present, yet less *farouche* than they expected, and to Miss Susan, who could dismount at intervals and walk along the narrow ledges, both exciting and delightful. But for Miss Mary Anna, who could not thus vary the exercise, three consecutive days on mule-back were almost too much, and the change at Martigny to their comfortable carriage was a welcome rest. There were no good stopping-places in the Rhone Valley, but Breitschmidt was a capital purveyor, and the contents of his ample basket were never disappointing to the keenest appetite. The magnificent passage of the Simplon beginning at Brieg was a contrast indeed to the Tête Noire bridle-path. Here were heights and depths even more stupendous perhaps than any they had yet seen, but to gaze at them from a cushioned carriage rolling smoothly over one of the finest roads in the world was a luxury

the party were quite ready to appreciate, and for once the lovers of peace did honor to Napoleon. The mere repose was at first so delightful they almost forgot to look back at the castles of Sion in the valley, embosomed in the greenness of high summer.

As they left Brieg on the morning of August 26th, the sun was as hot as at the same season in America, and no one thought of dressing for an Arctic expedition; but a few hours changed the temperature from that of the tropics to Labrador. Keen winds from the ice-fields of the Aletsch and Viesch glaciers brought every blanket shawl into requisition, and braced body and mind alike for the increasing grandeur of the descent, as they entered the dark recesses of the Gondo Chasm, mysterious and awe-inspiring even at mid-day.

The courier strongly advised against their lodging at Domo d'Ossola, so, late as it was, and now pouring with rain, they pushed on to Baveno, where they arrived at 10 P.M., after seventy miles of carriage travelling since the morning. They were not too weary, however, to enjoy the novelty of their now completely foreign surroundings,—the Italian albergo with its inner court-yard; the soft-scented airs floating from the neighboring villa gardens; the musical, courteous "Si, Signora!" of the very porters of the hotel; nor could they forget that they were lulled to sleep by the rippling waters of the Lago Maggiore.

The next morning they were rowed over to the lovely Borromean Islands opposite, and the same afternoon were on their way to Arona, where they were to spend the Sunday. Here they were delighted by a most unlooked-for arrival of home letters, forwarded in advance by Breitschmidt's arrangement as a pleasant surprise for them.

"*8th mo. 28th, First day.*—One of the brightest days of our journey, though spent very quietly. We had felt strongly tempted to go to Orta, a little lake spoken of by travellers as a gem of beauty, with most exquisite surroundings; but, after weighing the matter well, we felt best satisfied to remain quietly at our hotel. We had a sweet little meeting,—great peace and comfort. A lovely sunrise this morning. The melting hues of rose, violet, and purple in which the mountains were bathed were such as we had never seen before; the golden glow of the eastern sky was brightly mirrored in the lake."

Their next stopping-place was Genoa, where they conscientiously "did" the usual round of palaces and pictures, each fine and interesting in itself, yet crowded into days so entirely given up to sight-seeing, one cannot but feel somewhat relieved when they are once more in their carriage, winding along the Mediterranean shore, the noble "Riviera Levante," on their way to La Spezzia.

On reaching the crest of a rocky promontory they alighted from their carriage for one last look at "Genoa la Superba." But every turn in the road only unfolded some new phase of beauty,—the little glistening Italian towns, with their slender campaniles or picturesque martello towers, outlined against the delicate tints of the retreating shore; the olive groves, the luxuriant oleanders, then in full bloom;—

> "Nor knew they well what pleased them most,
> * * * * * *
> Distant color, happy hamlet,
> A mouldered citadel on the coast,
>
> "Or tower, or high hill convent seen
> A light amid its olives green,
> Or hoary olive cape in ocean,
> Or rosy blossoms in hot ravine."

Something of the poetry vanished, it is true, when they stopped at a wayside inn to change horses.

"The misery and filth surpassed all we had seen, and so clamorous were the beggars it was necessary to draw the curtains of the carriage to keep them out. '*Bella Italia, bruta gente.*' How I longed to do them some real good! They are pressed down by the combined despotism of priests and rulers. Among human instrumentalities it seemed to me that railroads will be one of the most effective. Wherever

we find them we notice more activity and life among the people and a desire for improvement in outward comfort which may lead to something better."

At La Spezzia the Queen of Holland and suite were occupying the whole of the best hotel, so they had to take lodgings in a private house, where they had a new and certainly not pleasant experience of an Italian night in early September. "Supper was not to be thought of in our eagerness for sleep, and, though the rooms did not look very promising, we were soon on our beds. Breitschmidt had told us that Spezzia was a sad place for mosquitoes, but, as it was not yet quite the season for them, we had little fear of being molested. Besides, why should people sleepy as we were, mind mosquitoes?" They little suspected the malice and perseverance of the tormentors lying in wait for them. "Between their singing and their stinging sleep was absolutely out of the question," and, after some hours of hopeless battling with the enemy, Miss Mary Anna insisted on sitting by Miss Susan's bedside and fanning her until daylight, thus securing for the one at least who most needed it a few hours' repose. The next morning they took a joyful departure from a spot whose unquestionable outward loveliness had now little power to detain them.

The accommodations at Pisa, at a delightful hotel on the Arno, were a great contrast to those they had just left, and here Miss Susan was glad to rest, while Miss M. A. and Mary W. went over by rail to Leghorn to visit the grave of Anna Gurney Backhouse.* On their return, before taking the train for Florence, they found time not only to visit the great Duomo, Baptistery, Campo Santo, and Leaning Tower, but to climb to the top of the latter, and, in short, to note every detail of these remarkable buildings with real enjoyment. They had certainly become adepts in the art of expeditious sightseeing. The journey to Florence was made in their own carriage, placed on a platform attached to the train. At the Tuscan capital they were again on the Arno, in a charming hotel, close to the picturesque Ponte Vecchio. The next day was Sunday.

"After breakfast we sent Breitschmidt with the letter of introduction given to us at Wm. Forster's by Count Guicciardini, . . . now an exile for non-conformity to the Romish Church." The letter was ad-

* Anna Gurney Backhouse, only daughter of Joseph John Gurney, of Earlham, England, and wife of John Church Backhouse, seeking health in Italy, and forced, in the political excitement of 1847, to take refuge on board the "Bull Dog," a British man-of-war, died on the deck of this vessel as she lay in the harbor of Palermo. Her loveliness of character had greatly endeared her to Mrs. Gurney, as well as many friends of the latter who had never known her personally.

dressed to Miss Eliza Brown, a lady then living at Florence as a Bible-reader, under the protection of the British flag.

"As it is not allowable for even six persons to meet together for religious fellowship or reading, her poor Tuscan friends come to her one or two at a time. Her door is chained, and when the bell rings she opens it herself, so afraid are they of being disturbed by spies and officers."

Miss Brown called on them that same afternoon with Miss Georgiana Dixon, a friend and fellow-worker, and after much interesting talk about the happiness, as well as the difficulties of their labors among these poor Lollards of the nineteenth century, the whole party took a drive around the city. They went to the Boboli Gardens, enjoyed the fascinating vistas through the cypress avenues, those

> "Bright vignettes, and each complete,
> Of tower and duomo, sunny sweet,"

and drove through the lovely Cascine. But perhaps nothing, modern or medieval, had more interest for them than the palace of Count Guicciardini, "arrested," says Miss M. A., "for the crime of reading the 15th chapter of St. John in company with seven persons. His character is so pure and excellent that he was called in Florence 'The Unblem-

ished,' and when he was taken to prison his guards and jailer involuntarily uncovered their heads out of respect." Thirty years have made a change indeed in Florentine liberties.

The next day they began with the galleries. But what could be done in four days with the treasures of the Pitti and Uffizi, to say nothing of even richer objects of interest,—Giotto's Campanile, the Gates of the Baptistery, the Duomo, San Marco, and the Bargello? The fascinations of Florence are well-nigh inexhaustible. The mere enumeration is a catalogue of masterpieces in almost every domain of art. Every corner of the old town is linked with some illustrious name. Dante and Savonarola, Michael Angelo and Raphael still haunt her streets; Fra Angelico's saintly presence lingers in the pictured cells of San Marco. Four months would hardly suffice to receive all the rich old city has to give, yet all that *could* be done in four days Miss Mary Anna and her party undoubtedly did.

The courier was almost disabled by rheumatism just at this time, but it happened most fortunately that he could take a complete rest; Miss Dixon evidently delighting to act as cicerone, Miss Brown also joining the party whenever her engagements would allow.

Notwithstanding the unseasonable time of year,

almost all the travellers they met were on the way to Rome, Naples, and Pompeii, names of potent spell to the coldest fancy; but the little trio, though casting wistful glances toward the south, could set aside the temptation without an effort, Miss M. A. even rejoicing that they had reached the most distant point of the journey and could now turn their faces homeward. Her "dear girls," too, just at this time taking their places at other schools, pulled strongly at her heart.

September 8th they left Florence for Bologna; not whirled away, as would probably now be the case, by a shrieking locomotive, but seated in the home-like carriage, leisurely ascending the villa-dotted hills among the vines and olive-yards, with lovely last views of "Firenze la Bella" lying in the valley below. At Caffagioli an ancient palace of the Medici comes picturesquely into view. A Spanish princess, Eleanor of Toledo, was murdered here in the old days of license and misrule. The machicolate towers and battlements look grimly conscious of the tragedy; the little party shudder at the sight of them, but the haze of centuries is upon the story, and the purple mountains make the scene so picturesque! There are many such. As they climb the rugged spurs of the Apennines, "exclamations of delight were constantly bursting from our lips. We dined in the carriage, and our 'clover-leaf' was very happy."

"At the summit of the pass everything looked wintry and dreary, and this part of the country is the resort of banditti." So they stop early for the night and enjoy a cosey parlor with a blazing fire, "fine views of the Apennines, a glowing sunset, and a beautiful moonrise. We sat down to write in our journals, and when it grew too dark to see we drew our chairs around the fire and enjoyed an old-fashioned twilight."

They were on their way again soon after six the next morning, that they might catch a glimpse of the Adriatic before the mists obscured it, and they were not disappointed. Miss M. A. rode outside nearly all the way down to Bologna; the descents were often very steep. "Breitschmidt put the shoe on the carriage fifty times."

They spent a few hours among the pictures, etc., at Bologna, and the next morning again started early, posting the whole ninety miles to Piacenza in one day, that they might reach Milan in time for at least a partly quiet Sunday. The road was the old Roman Via Emilia, built 187 B.C., its solid, ancient stonework still in good condition. "It was perfectly straight; we could see miles before us and miles behind us."

At Piacenza there was some trouble about their passports, as the officials at the bureau "did not

know where Washington was, and had never heard of Philadelphia," and sent to the hotel after the ladies had retired for the night to call them to account for purporting to come from such impossible places. Breitschmidt, however, backed by a more enlightened Austrian officer, soon settled the matter, and the party did not hear of it until the next noon.

At Milan the white spires of the Cathedral were in view from their windows at the hotel. The exterior had become familiar to them through pictures, but as they entered,

> "The height, the space, the gloom, the glory,
> The giant windows 'blazoned fires,"

took them completely by surprise. "My astonishment at its grandeur and beauty," says Miss Mary Anna, "was so great that I raised my hands in a transport of delight. It is worth crossing the ocean to see."

". . . In the chapel under the church we saw the gorgeous shrine and inner coffin of rock-crystal in which the body of St. Charles Borromeo is deposited. A ghastly sight it was, the head shrivelled almost to the bare skull in the midst of the gold and diamonds, emeralds and rubies, which compose the end of his crosier and adorn his dress. . . .

"A funeral procession was leaving the church,—a long train of women dressed in black, with white

aprons, caps, and veils, each one carrying a large wax candle, lighted, all chanting as they followed the coffin. We were told they were not nuns, but a kind of benevolent society to which the deceased belonged. . . .

"We drove to the Convent in whose deserted refectory is Leonardo's celebrated painting of the Last Supper. The head of our Saviour far exceeded our expectations, and is superior to all other attempts which we have seen to portray His divine countenance. Our fatigue was forgotten."

They had been very desirous of seeing the Cathedral by moonlight, and were not disappointed. Its beauty was magical, but Miss Susan had a still rarer treat. Early the next morning she mounted to the top, and was rewarded by a sight one could never forget. The whole horizon was encircled by mountains, and there lay the long chain of snow-covered Alps in cloudless beauty, Monte Rosa "phantom fair," flushed by the sunrise, now seen for the first time. Miss S. came back enchanted; "but *I* can tell you," wrote Miss Mary Anna, "of a nice morning nap, while S. was toiling up those five hundred and twelve steps."

When, however, in 1866, Miss M. A. was again at Milan, she gave up her morning nap and herself climbed to the Cathedral roof, to be rewarded by the same glorious spectacle.

All this time the courier had been again really ill, and the party of three ladies travelling alone were seriously anxious; but to their great relief Breitschmidt so far recovered as to be able to go on with them to Como. All they had time to see of the beautiful lake was from the deck of the steamer on the way to Colico, where they again took their places in the carriage. The speed with which they now travelled almost takes away one's breath. By early rising, and extra fees to the postilions, they crowded the programme for two days into one, posting from Chiavenna to Splügen, and taking the same afternoon the excursion to the Via Mala.

"It was a glorious day (September 15th), and the mountain air was thoroughly exhilarating. . . . Treading numerous zigzags, short and sharp, and traversing several galleries cut through the rock with great labor and expense, we came in view of the beautiful fall of the Medessino, rushing down a precipice eight hundred feet high. We had the opportunity of seeing it again and again at the turning of the terraces up which we were winding. . . . Without the precaution of the galleries the road would be swept away by the avalanches. Ascending still higher, we passed the region of shrubs; but even here the coarse grass was thickly sprinkled with tufts of the violet-colored gentian. . . . Another series of zigzags brought us to the summit of the Splügen Pass, a

narrow ridge forming the boundary-line between Lombardy and Switzerland. It is nearly seven thousand feet above the sea. I cannot describe the beauty of the scenery,—the pure air, the snow-capped peaks, with occasionally a glacier between them, seen against the bright blue sky. The descent began immediately, . . . by short zigzags, to the village of Splügen. . . . I noticed some fine specimens of the dark-blue gentian, but it was out of the question to stop the carriage, and I saw it nowhere afterwards.

"We arrived in Splügen at half-past twelve, just in time for the diligence dinner, and a little after one were ready to set off for the Via Mala. . . . The road follows the Rhine all the way. . . . At one point, where a bridge spanned the river, we had a view of transporting loveliness,—snow mountains in the distance, the foaming cataract of the Rofla, and meadows sprinkled for miles with the most beautiful autumnal crocusus. . . . Our new postilion speaks Romansch, a dialect derived from the Latin,—many words being identical with it. At Andeer, where we changed horses, we saw mottoes and quaint inscriptions in Latin and Romansch on several of the houses. But soon the valley began to contract, until there was only a narrow defile between the almost perpendicular walls of rock. At some points there was no place for a road; it had to be hewn out of the solid stone; and there it is like a shelf, hanging over the tremendous gulf below, while the arching rock above overhangs the road. We passed through a short tunnel, and afterwards over two bridges which span

the gorge, carrying the road from one side to the other. To enjoy the impressive view thoroughly we walked nearly a mile through the pass, which, although inferior in fearful grandeur to the Gorge of Gondo, seemed to us more wonderful. For the chasm, split through the stupendous mountain from its summit to its base, is in some places so narrow one could almost leap across, and the edges appear to be so little changed by time, that if the same force that rent them asunder should act again to press them together, they would fit almost as if they were dovetailed. We stood some time on the bridge looking at the sublime scene. Perhaps the Gorge of Gondo impressed us more because we saw it first. The Via Mala is certainly exceedingly grand. Looking over the parapet of the bridge, we could hardly see the Rhine boiling and foaming in the depths below; at some points it was entirely hidden by the overhanging cliffs. A fragment of rock thrown down by our driver was seven seconds in reaching the river. . . . Again emerging from the pass, we enjoyed the brightness of the valley in the broad glow of a descending sun. Our horses were spirited, and the horn of our postilion was unusually sweet and musical. We arrived at the hotel just before dark. Half an hour after it began to rain. The landlord of 'La Poste' had a large fire made in the *salle à manger*, and our tea-table was set close to the cheerful blaze, which was enjoyed highly, not only by ourselves, but by several parties of ladies and elderly gentlemen who came in after us quite chilled. We

found them sociable and agreeable in conversation. Our host gave us for supper a couple of wild fowl, new to us, called *poules de neige.*

"*9th mo.* 16*th.*—Again we rose with the dawn, having a long drive before us, and the weather giving signs of a change. How charming it has been! We breakfasted at a blazing fire, and left Splügen at six, having added our recommendation to the numerous others in the landlord's book. . . . Splügen is a beautiful little village in the pastoral valley of the Rhein-wald, and at the point of departure of the two Alpine passes, the Splügen and the Bernardino. We ascended the long slopes of the Bernardino, the green valley of the Hinter-Rhine. The grass was sparkling with dewdrops, shepherds driving their goats to pasture, sharp granite peaks pierced the clouds, and the rounded mountain summits were white with new-fallen snow. It was pleasant to be again on the banks of the Rhine, which we had seen a noble river flowing between castle-crowned heights, and again, near Schaffhausen, a miniature Niagara. Here it was a frolicsome stream that one could almost leap over; we were only ten miles from its source. . . .

"As we rose higher there was more wildness than beauty in the landscape; the dark-frowning, gigantic mass of the Moschel-horn was very grand. The mountain over which we were travelling derives its name from a pious missionary, St. Bernardin, of Siena, who preached the gospel in the fifteenth century in these unfrequented valleys. When we reached the summit of the pass, which is three hundred feet

higher than that of the Splügen, we were surprised to find a beautiful little lake—the Lago Moesola—the source of the Moesa, which now became our companion during the greater part of the day. . . .

"We finally came to the point where the Bernardino road joins the St. Gothard, and the postilion made believe he could not take us on the St. Gothard route without going to Bellinzona, which would have occasioned the loss of an hour or two. But Breitschmidt foreseeing this, had obtained from the *maître de la Poste* a writing to the effect we need not go there.

"It is very amusing to see Breitschmidt pay the postilions. They try every possible means to impose upon him, but he knows all their tricks. There is a tariff of prices fixed by law, but if they drive well he gives them a little more. Sometimes, when they are dissatisfied, he takes back their *bonne-main* and gives them a smaller piece. Sometimes they try to persuade him, telling him they know the kind-looking ladies in the carriage would let him give them more, but generally they scold and grumble. . . . All being in Italian or German, we seldom understand a word, but we gather a great deal from their gestures, which are very amusing.

"The view is exceedingly fine at the junction of the two roads—the Bernardino and the St. Gothard—where three valleys meet, all bounded by noble ranges of mountains. Our route was now on the St. Gothard, bordering the river Ticino, whose transparent waters were of a beautiful pale green, whitened

by the foam of many a tiny cascade, as it rushed over its rocky bed."

In all these valleys they were especially struck with the size and luxuriance of the chestnut-trees.

"It was dark when we arrived at Faido; the evening star shone brightly, and we felt inclined to ask it 'What of Mont Blanc?' over whose snowy summit we had seen it stand like a sparkling gem at Chamonix. We have travelled ninety miles to-day, with so little fatigue we could have gone on to Airolo."

This part of the route, however, was too fine to be lost in darkness.

The next morning they reached the Dazio Grande, "a gorge that we thought equalled, if it did not surpass in beauty combined with grandeur, every other we had seen; not so terrific as the gorge of Gondo, and not so wonderful as the Via Mala, but exceedingly picturesque. It is a rent in the Monte Piottino, nearly a mile long, and extremely winding and narrow."

The scenery all the way to Airolo was very fine, but here they entered the region of clouds, and everything was hidden but the masterly engineering of the road itself. Descending the Swiss side of the pass, they dined at Hospenthal, and soon reached the famous Devil's Bridge.

"The Reuss rushes down this savage gorge in a lofty cataract, and a powerful current of wind blows back the spray with mighty force. High and precipitous walls of rock hem the river in on both sides. . . . We thought of the awful scenes which had taken place there in 1799, when two armies successively, in little more than a month, were driven through this fearful chasm, and many of the poor soldiers precipitated into the abyss below."

It was an afternoon of golden sunshine, as completely in accord with the rich pastoral beauty of the lower valley as clouds and gloom had been with the stony desolation of the upper pass, or the Devil's Bridge with its tales of cruelty and blood. They stopped for the night at Fluellen, and heard the watchman go his rounds, "singing at the end of each hour a stanza in German: 'Hark, ye neighbors, hear me tell,' etc."

They had now nearly completed their circuit through Switzerland and Northern Italy, and were almost at their starting-point again. The Alps had become like old friends, and these were to be their last days among them. The Bay of Uri, in which the utmost ideal of lake and mountain beauty seems to culminate, where Schiller's "William Tell" takes the place of Baedecker as guide-book, and where every cliff and cove is part of the scenery of the drama,

was the only arm of the lake they had not seen before. The party believed in the Swiss hero of freedom, as all Americans are bound to do; at all events, if they had any historical doubts, there is no record of them. It was now so late in the season they were almost the only passengers, and they could scarcely have had a more beautiful and congenial Sabbath-day's journey. They pass from side to side of the boat, as each turn of the varied shore brings into view some new beauty, and look up the green slopes of the Rigi, remembering their eagerness for a first distant glimpse of the coy Jungfrau. At eleven o'clock they were in their pleasant rooms at the Schweitzerhof in Lucerne, reading their home letters with thankful hearts. A sunset walk along the lake-shore, with the snow peaks towering above it bathed in rose color, and a beautiful moonlight view from their chamber windows, rounded the day,—their last Sunday in Switzerland. They left Lucerne September 20th by diligence, and from a pass of the Unterhanenstein, *en route* for Bâle, had their last glimpse of the Alps,—a magnificent "semicircle of seventy miles' radius,—Glarus, Wallenstock, Titlis; the Bernese Oberland with our favorite Finsteraarhorn, Mönch, Eiger, and Jungfrau distinctly seen glowing with rosy light above the snow-line, while their bases were bathed in the softest tints of blue and violet."

They enjoyed it the more as it was the longed-for *distant* view they had missed at Berne.

The next day the party were at Strasburg, from which they would gladly have visited the haunts and grave of Oberlin, but the time of sailing was drawing near, and they could not linger even an additional day. The Cathedral, with its cloud-piercing spire and curious old clock, interested them; but by noon they were in the train for Paris, and before eleven o'clock that evening in their rooms at the Hôtel Windsor, Rue de Rivoli, opposite the Tuileries.

The traveller's journal at Paris has perhaps less animation than in any part of the tour. The fascinations of Europe are by this time counteracted by a much stronger magnet.

"Our pleasure in reaching Paris," writes Miss Mary Anna, "is almost destroyed by hearing from B. S. & Co. that the 'Arctic,' and not the 'Atlantic,' is to sail for America on the 19th of next month, on which day we had been looking forward to embarking for dear, dear home."

The weather, too, was cold and rainy, and there was no doubt a reaction from the bracing air of Switzerland; the home budget, that best of tonics, did not come with the usual regularity, and the joy-

ous energy that made the long days of Alpine travelling so delightful sensibly flags.

"We are all well, and Paris is very fine, if we only had spirits to enjoy it. Is it not droll to be out of spirits in Paris? . . . We have been comparatively idle since we came here, but we mean to go to work again industriously to-morrow, and when you think of us at Versailles, St. Cloud, Port Royal, the Louvre, etc., you may be sure we are enjoying a great deal in spite of everything. Tell the boys to study hard, to be ready to come to this wonderful country. Almost every spot of ground teems with historic interest."

Few people can live upon sight-seeing alone; and city sight-seeing especially, when one is homesick, is not exhilarating. But it is clearly a duty to see Paris now they are there, so they pay their first visit to the Louvre, and conscientiously begin upon its seven miles of paintings. The effort is not quite without reward. The tender simplicity of Murillo's Madonnas gives them true pleasure, Gerard Dow's Old Couple reading the Bible touch them, and the portrait of the Lady Abbess, the Mère Agnes Arnauld, has an interest for them quite apart from its merits as a work of art. They spend "several hours in the Italian, Flemish, and Dutch schools," and another day stay from eleven until four in the afternoon noting all

they can of the contents not only of the picture-galleries, but of the endless *salles* and *musées*. There is something heroic in their perseverance. Hawthorne himself, wandering through the mazes of the British Museum, has moments in which he can "wish that the Elgin marbles and frieze of the Parthenon were all burnt into lime!" and most travellers must recall moods of weariness quite as heretical.

One day they drive to Père la Chaise. The stony avenues, artificial emblems, and French sentiment are not elevating, but they find some interest in the great names commemorated on the tombs, and thoroughly enjoy a visit afterwards to the old Abbey Church of St. Denis.

Notwithstanding the dull weather, the party go twice to Versailles, where the pomp and circumstance, and still more the tragedy and pathos of French history, grow real to them; the little Trianon is inseparable from the name and fate of Marie Antoinette. On one of these occasions, in a pouring rain, they drive on to Port Royal, hoping to find some remnant of the convent once such a centre of spiritual life. But a group of homely farm buildings stands upon the site, and scarcely a vestige of the old monastery can they trace.

October 7th they leave Paris for Havre, stopping

a few hours on the way at Rouen, whose rich old Church of St. Ouen they think only inferior to the great cathedrals of Cologne and Milan.

"But no part delighted us more than the reflection of the whole interior from the mirror-like surface of the marble *bènitier*. Descending arches seemed to join the ascending, and the richly-painted windows shone with added lustre."

They did not overlook the fine old Palais de Justice, with its beautiful façades, lining three sides of a square, at once rich and delicate in design; its hall, where the Parliament of Normandy used to meet, ceiled with carved oak, now dark with age, in fine contrast with the gold decoration. They walked through the picturesque "street of the Grosse Horloge, spanned by an antique clock built over a gateway, and saw adjoining, the tower whence the curfew is tolled every evening; went to the spot where Joan of Arc was burned alive in 1431, and saw the chapel where she was forced to confess herself a sorceress;" and did not fail to remember that "it was in this city that William the Conqueror was deserted in his dying moments by his sons and courtiers, and his body lay stripped and unburied, while a stranger provided for its interment."

It is dark, rainy, and dismal when they reach

Havre, but the crossing is once more exceptionally smooth, and when the inevitable English fog that received them has cleared away, other clouds lighten with it. The Isle of Wight looks very beautiful in the genial sunshine as the little Cowes steamer glides along the shore, and something of the holiday gladness of Switzerland touches all its pleasant pictures,—the ruins of Netley Abbey in the distance; Norris Castle, the royal palace and grounds of Osborne.

The reverent English observance of Sunday at Ryde is very grateful to them. There is no meeting, so they drive to Legh Richmond's ancient church at Brading, "the air balmy, the birds singing, everything breathing gentleness and peace." A few hours later we find them at the picturesque cottage-inn at Shanklin.

"The glass doors of the parlors open on a green lawn, with fine old trees, whose trunks are covered with ivy. There is a beautiful view of the sea beyond; myrtles, roses, and passion-flowers nearly cover the front of the cottage. Before dinner we took a delightful walk along the shore and through the Chine,—a miniature gorge, with a tiny stream and waterfall. The whole of it looked to us, who had so lately seen the Gorge of Gondo, Via Mala, and Devil's Bridge, like a pretty appendage to a

gentleman's pleasure-grounds." Not so the sea. "After dinner Mary and I walked again on the shore. The weather had changed, the wind was high, and we enjoyed the dash and rolling of the waves."

October 11th the little party went up to London. It was not a favorable time to see the city. The National Gallery was closed, Hyde Park was deserted, the skies were dark and gloomy, and home letters still delayed. They felt, too, the need of some one to plan and arrange for them. The "magnificent distances" of London were perplexing, and the courier, himself a stranger in England, was often at a loss, though still devoted to their interests. But once more they set out bravely, visit the Tower, St. Paul's, Thames Tunnel, and in the long mornings really study the great Abbey and the British Museum. At the latter place, says Miss Mary Anna, "I could not have believed I should be so delighted. For more than two hours I was riveted to the room containing the Elgin marbles. It is wonderful that mutilated groups of statuary, headless sometimes, and sometimes without arms or feet, can give such intense pleasure. The Assyrian remains are also exceedingly interesting, perhaps even more so than the Greek marbles."

The crowd of gay equipages, equestrians, and

promenaders, which make Hyde Park in the season so characteristic a feature of London, was entirely absent; but, perhaps on that very account, its extent, sylvan beauty, and complete seclusion from the commercial whirl were the more striking.

"You can have no idea," writes Miss M. A., "of the extent and beauty of these parks; the impression they make in this great metropolis is wonderful. We pass in a moment from the din and bustle of Piccadilly into the refreshing quiet of the country; cows and sheep are grazing on the greenest of lawns, children playing under fine old trees, and swans sailing majestically with other water-fowl on the clear lakes. . . . We have seen nothing to be compared with them except at Versailles."

On Saturday, October 15th, they went out to Tottenham to spend the Sunday with their friends, Robert, Sarah, and Anne Foster. The warm atmosphere of friendly hospitality, the pretty tea-table, the cheerful, home-like fireside, were grateful to every sense. "Indeed," writes Miss M. A., "we are as happy as we can be without letters from home."

Returning to London for one more day of visiting, sight-seeing, and shopping, their trunks being packed by Breitschmidt with astonishing skill and celerity, they left on the 18th for Norfolk, to visit, by invitation, some members of the Gurney family who had

been absent during their previous stay in England. As one member of the party had not been to Earlham, they drove directly there on arriving at Norwich.

"The weather was unusually fine, and the sunlight threw the loveliest glow over the smooth-shaven lawn and rich woods. I had hoped to see the garden 'chrysanthemumized,' but the season was still too early. We walked through the house, and Mary was delighted; then casting another long, lingering look at the view from the drawing-room windows,—the bridge, the fine old trees, the study green, etc.,—we returned to Norwich."

The same afternoon they went by rail to Lowestoft, where Rev. Francis Cunningham was waiting to take them to the vicarage. Mrs. Cunningham had long been familiar to them by name and character, as well as intimate association with a brother and sister of wider fame,—Mrs. Fry, Sir T. Fowell Buxton, etc.,—and the personal meeting was full of interest. To Mary W., the young girl of the party, the whole visit in Norfolk and the familiar intercourse with people she had known only in books was like a page of romance. Perhaps her enthusiastic description may give something of the impressions of the whole party.

"It was quite dark when we reached the station at Lowestoft; but before the doors were open we heard a kind voice calling our names, and Francis Cunningham made himself known to us, conducted us to a carriage he had waiting, and soon put us down at the door of *one* of the most delightful and hospitable mansions in England. Mrs. Cunningham, now quite feeble,—being upwards of seventy, yet still retaining an energetic and active mind,—came forward with such a welcome! leading us into the drawing-room, a picture of taste, elegance, and comfort. There was an introduction to two young ladies, visitors—a little talk, and then we were handed over to Mrs. Taylor, the housekeeper, who showed us to our apartments. A bright fire burned in each, and every luxury a queen might desire was ours in lovely Lowestoft."

The long dinner was conversational, animated, and altogether delightful; so, too, the evening that followed, "passed in the bewitching drawing-room, looking over Mrs. Cunningham's paintings and her portfolio of Swiss sketches taken this summer. Tea was served, some beautiful hymns sung, Mrs. C. accompanying them on the piano; then a psalm read, and a prayer offered for us and all belonging to us by Mr. C., who, you will recollect, is a clergyman, and we retired very late to our lovely chambers. The view of the German Ocean was very fine in the brilliant moonlight, and enjoying this, as our rooms adjoined, we three talked over the memorable events of this bright day.

"Our early breakfast was served in another charming drawing-room, whose noble bay-window looked abroad over the sea, yet glowing with the tints of sunrise. All seemed to regret our brief sojourn; even the servants (most of them old family pieces devoted to every being bearing the name of Gurney) thronged about us, begging to have their 'kind duty' carried to dear Mrs. Gurney in America."

Returning to Norwich, a charming drive of twenty-one miles brought them to Northrepps, the home of another sister of Mrs. Fry, the dowager Lady Buxton, widow of Sir T. F. Buxton.

"Part of the way," continues the same lively young writer, "lay through a sporting country well known to Sir Fowell and his fleet hunter, and the copses and furze, ditches, hedges, and five-barred gates gave us an excellent idea of an English hunting-ground. It is now the height of the sporting season, and we were continually on the lookout for

> 'The deer sweeping by, the hounds in full cry,
> And the hunter's horn a ringing.'

"We started up numbers of beautiful pheasants, and I delighted to people the scene with my imagined idea of a hunting party, but that was the only kind we were favored with. At the end of this lovely drive,—not a mile too long,—we came to the gate

of the park, and a long, beautiful winding carriage-way brought us to the door of Northrepps Hall. Two tall footmen handed us into the drawing-room, where Lady Buxton, her daughter Richenda, and daughter-in-law Rachel Gurney Buxton all sat engaged in reading and sewing. . . . We were most courteously received, and after an hour's conversation, lunch, and a little time spent in playing with Rachel G. Buxton's sweet little flock of children, Lady Buxton's coach was brought to take us over to Cromer."

"It rained so heavily," the diary continues, "that we could not alight from the carriage at the old Overstrand Church, but we saw the ancient ruined chancel overgrown with ivy, and had a glimpse of the tombs of Sir T. F. Buxton and his daughter Priscilla Johnstone. Our visit to Northrepps Cottage was delightful,—Anna Gurney all brightness and kindness, — saw her drawing-room, library, music-room, etc., and the cockatoo. She wheeled herself with great dexterity to the hall door to show us her little greenhouse, the avenue of trees, her rabbits burrowing on the hill-side, etc. . . . The cottage was half covered with ivy, and the trees very fine; one, a copper beech, of the richest orange color."

Returning to London on the 20th for a few hours of business, final packing, etc., they went the same day to Oxford.

"It was a fine, bright afternoon, and the ride was one of the most beautiful we have had in England. The autumnal tints of the foliage were almost as brilliant as our own: rich brown, orange, yellow, but no crimson. We had a distant view of Windsor Castle, passed Herschel's Observatory, etc., reaching Oxford at dusk. Heard Great Tom ring one hundred and one times for one hundred and one students at Christ Church College."

The next morning everything was shrouded in mist and rain, and the party lost all the delight of rambling down the famous High Street, so admired by Macaulay, and among the beautiful college quadrangles; even the fine interiors, the treasures of the Bodleian Library, etc., could scarcely be seen to advantage, yet something of all within and without was seen and thoroughly enjoyed, and in a few hours they were on the way to Warwick. Here was a new *contretemps*,—a death had lately occurred in the ducal family, and the castle was closed to visitors; only an outside view of the imposing battlemented old pile could be had, and of all its feudal heirlooms they saw only the armor, punch-bowl, etc., of the gigantic, half-fabulous Guy, Earl of Warwick; and though the elements at least seem to have been propitious to the pleasant drive to Kenilworth, past Guy's Cliff, etc., a great storm of wind and rain again overtook them on

reaching the ruins. After all the one thing entirely satisfactory in this celebrated neighborhood was the "charming shut-in evening spent in quiet resting at the 'Warwick Arms.'"

The sisters had accepted an invitation from their friend Mrs. Braithwaite to visit her at Kendal; and her cordial welcome on their arrival, Saturday evening, October 23d, the circle of interesting friends assembled to meet them, the long bright supper-table, the Sunday that followed passed in congenial fellowship, the evening spent in interesting conversation, all made another refreshing break in these last busy days of sight-seeing.

"*October 24th.*—Intended to leave at 8 A.M., but heavy rain detained us till after lunch. At 2 P.M. railroad to Winandermere. Met by W. Crewdson with another note from Wm. Ball, inviting us to Glen Rothay. Drive round the head of the lake and to Grasmere; stopped at the church to see the graves of Wordsworth and Coleridge. Then to Fox Howe, a beautiful home near Ambleside. Saw Dr. Arnold's wife and three of his children as we were leaving for Glen Rothway. Beautiful sunset.

"Nothing could exceed the cordial kindness of our friends Wm. and Anne Ball; had two hours' pleasant conversation with them before Wilson and Margaret Crewdson came with their daughters Maria and Fanny. All had been on the Continent, and were

much interested in hearing about our route. They love to talk of the Oberland, Rosenlaui, Splügen, etc.

"25*th*.—The view from the drawing-room windows this morning is enchanting,—Rydal Lake and islands, Loughrigg, Knab Scar; the rich autumnal tints reflected in the water, and contrasting finely with the soft green lawn and evergreens. Every object charming, and the *tout ensemble* surpassingly beautiful. I could have looked at it the whole day. A mirror opposite the bow-window almost doubles the effect. Delighted with drive to Keswick and around Derwentwater; beautiful sunshine lighted up the bright foliage.

"Cowper may well call this climate 'deformed with dripping rains.' Ventured, however, to go on by the side of Ulleswater to Patterdale. Kirkstone Pass very wild, reminding us of St. Bernardino; bare, stony, steep hill-sides, mountain rivulets, and afterwards beautiful bright foliage covering the knolls of the mountains. . . . Reached Edinburgh at 9 P.M."

Of the sisters' visit to Macaulay's "three most beautiful cities of the world,"—Genoa, Oxford, Edinburgh,—the first was the only one really successful. The northern capital now certainly justified the least flattering of its many sobriquets,—"Auld Reekie." For the entire two days of their stay Scotch mists, proverbially worse even than English fogs, wrapped the whole city and its beautiful surroundings. But it was a glad time nevertheless, for some of the un-

accountably missing home letters were found waiting for them at their hotel, and in the joy of good tidings from America all minor disappointments were forgotten.

The fine masses of Salisbury Crag and Arthur's Seat rising behind Holyrood were hidden in the fog, but they saw the ruined chapel whose gable and Gothic windows had grown so familiar in the well-worn school drawing-model, and close by the little narrow, dingy rooms of the old palace, the scene of so large a part of the romance and tragedy of Queen Mary's history. They were of course shown the traditional Rizzio blood-stains on the floor, and then suddenly stepping into the realities of modern life, the suite of apartments occupied by Queen Victoria on her way to Balmoral. They drove, too, through the Canongate, the dark old tortuous streets, and grim, toppling, smoke-blackened houses, looking still grimmer and blacker in the dull atmosphere; but of the stately and picturesque beauty of the modern city they gained little idea until the morning of their departure, when the weather cleared, and they had a really fine view from Calton Hill.

The three friends were to sail in the "Baltic" on November 2d. The few days intervening were filled with farewell visits to friends in and near Liverpool, a brief trip to the old town of Chester, shopping and

packing, the faithful courier serving them with affectionate zeal to the very last. Full and satisfactory letters from home again cheered them on the eve of the voyage, and friendly faces, bidding them good-speed, watched them as they pushed from the docks.

The passage was rough, and Miss Susan seems to have been the only member of the party who attempted a journal.

"The 'Baltic' did not feel like home as the 'Atlantic' would have done; state-room very far from the dining-saloon. Strong head-winds induced the captain to take the north channel, and we lost sight of land immediately.

"Of the next week I have little recollection, except of heavy squalls, wretched headaches. Generally two hours every day on deck, though very cold. Captain very polite, desirous of making us comfortable; settees placed near the wheel-houses, but rough seas and high winds at last forbade going on deck; forward deck often two or three feet under water; waves piled almost mountain high; gale at one time so heavy the vessel almost stopped, and rolled so that we could not sleep; very weary holding fast all night.

"*8th.*—Oh, the discomforts of a winter passage! Cabin cold and dreary; groups of disconsolate beings on deck looking as if anticipating the guillotine. I hope never again to see the ocean except from the shore.

"The first slight diminution of the pitching relieved us greatly. G. Parrish and Wm. Hallowell most kind

and attentive; A. Platt very kind, always ready to serve us; she and her husband one evening brought milk and hot water all the way from the dining-room to our state-room. Elizabeth, the stewardess, in and out like a flash.

"*12th.*—Still very rough, but wonderful abatement in sea-sickness. Those who had resolved *never* to go to sea again on any consideration, now say what they will do *if* they ever try it again. Some one inquired what railroad trains had come in during the night, passengers began to appear in such numbers in the dining-room. Beautiful singing one evening by one of the waiters.

"A large party did justice to the captain's dinner; many speeches were made and highly applauded. A subscription had been taken up as a present to Captain Comstock in acknowledgment of his devotion to his duties. He was much pleased, and made a very good speech, requesting that the money might be shared with his officers. The deck was afterwards nearly filled with promenaders enjoying the moonlight."

They reached the port of New York on the 14th. Many friends were among the crowd upon the pier to welcome them. The joy of meeting needs no description, still less the grateful happiness of mother and aunt, when an unbroken family circle once more gathered round the fireside at No. 3 North Eleventh Street, in sober, unpicturesque, but still dear and home-like Philadelphia.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SECOND SCHOOL.

THE succeeding winter, 1853–54, was a season of comparative rest. Miss Mary Anna was committed to no school-engagement of any kind, but, perhaps on that very account, felt a renewal of energy and a strong impulse to begin once more the favorite pursuit of her life.

The following sketch of this period is given by one who bore an intimate share in the labors and successes of the second school, and was at all times a valued and trusted aid to the principal:

"In the spring of 1851 I left school, having been under dear Miss Mary Anna's care four years, preparing to be a teacher. Several times during the last year she had spoken of giving me a place in her school after a while, when I should be a little older, and my relations with 'the girls' a little less intimate. A year later Miss M. A. closed the old school, as she and Miss Susan wished to spend some months in Europe, and were not sure of being back to resume their duties with their usual punctuality.

"They came in the following November, and from

that time all Miss Mary Anna's thoughts were given to the small school of young girls which she meant to open the following year. The main object of this was the education of her niece, Anna Morris, but she had already, even in those few months, felt the need of having young people around her.

"The new school was opened in September, 1854, in the old school-house on Cherry Street. At first the number of pupils received was small, and, if I remember right, Miss Mary Anna and I were the only teachers who spent the whole morning there. There were, of course, other teachers, who came in by the hour. Very soon the number of pupils increased, and then Hannah Shipley joined us. 'Teacher Hannah' the girls called her, and it would have been impossible to find a better assistant, for both teacher and pupils.

"Hannah and I were nearer the age of the girls, and might naturally have been supposed to be able to sympathize more heartily with all their little troubles than Miss Mary Anna could, but she really was the centre of everything; teachers as well as pupils felt her wise and loving rule. Our position was always perfectly defined,—a certain and dignified one. There was no doubt in our minds, when giving a well-deserved reproof to some delinquent child, as to whether we should be upheld. No politic fear of giving offence to an influential pupil ever led Miss Mary Anna to reverse our decisions. She had chosen us with care, believing us fitted for the positions to which she assigned us. The result was that

the discipline and order in our classes was as good as in her own. I have often been struck with this in later years on hearing of the troubles of assistant teachers in large schools, where they are too often looked upon as mere drudges. In this, as in every other particular, she showed her wisdom, her clear head, and her power of seeing both sides of a question. She will always stand out in the minds of those who had the high privilege of knowing her well, as a marvellous example of a woman, brought up with a strictness which in these days might almost be called narrow, whose natural liberality enabled her to rise superior to those limitations.

"It was in the third or fourth year of this school that the Cherry Street premises first seemed too small. In the old days the number of pupils was limited to forty-four girls; now there were sixty, with constant, earnest entreaties from eager parents that the number might be increased. The corps of teachers, too, was constantly enlarged. Whenever Miss Mary Anna heard of a first-rate teacher in any branch of study, she always tried to give her pupils the benefit of his or her instruction, regardless of the cost. She has often told me that when the expenses of the school were paid, she meant to give away the profits.

"In the autumn of 1857, Miss Mary Anna rented the large house at the corner of Filbert and Juniper Streets. The school was moved there during the Christmas holidays, ready for the beginning of January, 1858. Elizabeth Coonis, an elderly and very

respectable colored woman, with her family, lived in the back buildings. She not only acted as janitress, but cooked every day sundry biscuits, tarts, and cakes, which were temptingly spread out on a neat table at half-past eleven o'clock, that the girls might buy their luncheon of her instead of going to a neighboring pastry-cook to find something much less wholesome and less carefully prepared. This was only another instance of Miss Mary Anna's thoughtful care for her pupils' bodies as well as their minds.

"The rest of the house was mainly occupied by the school. There were two large school-rooms in the second story, the same in the third, beside two in the second story of the back buildings. The fourth story was fitted up with bars, ropes, mattresses, and other gymnastic paraphernalia. Here, for a slight additional charge, the pupils whose parents wished it had the benefit of the best gymnastic instruction.

"It has been objected by some people, and indeed I think by a large-minded and very learned physician among others, that Miss Mary Anna expected too close application, too severe a mental strain from her pupils, but I am quite sure that no unprejudiced person who really understood her system could have believed such a thing. She gave her strong voice for the 'higher education of women' in its highest sense, and believed that intellectual improvement should not fill more than its own share of the girls' time. Rational amusement and healthful exercise she always encouraged; but she could not bear to

see time wasted in dawdling and frivolity. In her scheme of life there was no time for such things. Each child was carefully considered, that the weak might not be strained in the effort to keep up with the strong, and at the monthly teachers' meetings each pupil's capabilities were discussed, so that every girl might be fairly placed.

"No one could have held to her own opinions with less pertinacity than Miss Mary Anna. She listened with respect to the humblest among her teachers, and accepted their views and amendments whenever they were really good. Indeed, when I look back to those days when I had the happiness of being always near her, I am surprised afresh with the humility and large generosity for the feelings and opinions of others that she invariably showed. In all the years that I was working under her she never spoke sharply or impatiently to me, though I know I must often have deserved it. She had the happy gift of being able to draw the best out of all, of making them, for the time at least, what she wished.

> 'She never found fault with you, never implied
> Your wrong by her right, and yet men at her side
> Grew nobler, girls purer, as though the whole town,
> E'en the children, were gladder who plucked at her gown.'

"And now, alas! we can only look back. The gentle face and sympathetic voice are lost to us on this earth, and we can only ask God's blessing on the faithful work of our dear friend and teacher, and strive to walk in her footsteps, making ourselves, with

God's help, such as she would have wished and approved.

"M. L. Moss."

In 1864 the faithful mother, who through a lifetime of frail health had, nevertheless, says Miss Susan, "looked well to the ways of her household," began visibly to decline. In the early summer of 1865 she was taken to the home of some kind friends in the country, with a faint hope that the change of air and the freedom from all city noise and excitement might revive her. But the end was already near, and in a few weeks, with only her three daughters by her bedside, she quietly passed away. For years her daughter Susan had been her especial and untiring attendant, but all her children were devoted to her comfort, and never left her long at a time. She was a woman of unusual purity and truthfulness, combined with the greatest humility of character.

The school now numbered nearly ninety pupils, with twenty-seven teachers, only six of whom, however, were employed all the time. They were so well trained and so conscientious in the fulfilment of their duties that Miss Longstreth, who again felt the need of a longer rest than the ordinary vacation afforded, was able to leave them for a time, and ac-

cordingly joined her brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Israel Morris, with a party of nephews, nieces, and friends, in a second visit to Europe. The route taken was much the same as that in 1853, except that more time was given to Holland, and a brief visit paid to Rome. On the return late in November, after a delightful and refreshing summer, Miss Mary Anna received a welcome from the school that deeply gratified her. She had given as a watch-word in her absence one of her favorite mottoes: "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," and these words, formed in evergreens on the walls of the school-rooms, were a pleasant greeting to her eyes, while she had every evidence that both teachers and pupils had earnestly tried to act upon them.

In 1867 the property at the corner of Filbert and Juniper Streets being needed as part of the site of the new Masonic Temple, the school was removed to Merrick Street, still conveniently near to Miss Longstreth's residence. The neighborhood has since so completely changed that it is difficult to fancy the four Penn squares, with their fresh grass and groves of trees, where the great pile of white marble Public Buildings now rises; and opposite, facing this wooded enclosure, the row of pleasant old-fashioned dwelling-houses, torn down in 1880 to be replaced by the Broad Street Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad

Company. It was in one of these houses that the steadily enlarging school was established. The methods, as well as the scale on which the sisters had started forty years earlier, were now greatly modified. One who was thoroughly familiar with the school at this its latest stage gives the following account:

"For more than ten years it was the writer's privilege to see and note daily the care that was taken to make all things work smoothly in the grooves of school-life, and among the many memories of those days it seems best to cull those that may aid other teachers in making their own lives, as well as those of their pupils, happier, better, and more successful.

"One especial feature was the sewing-classes, which met once a week. The younger girls began by learning how to overseam patch-work pieces of bright new calico, then they were promoted to making articles of underwear destined for the children of the 'Foster Home,' or some other institution; after that followed finer work, all intended for purposes of charity. The materials for this work were furnished by M. A. Longstreth herself; the pupils sometimes carrying the little finished garments to the children of the 'Home,' that they might be encouraged not only in their sewing, but in taking an interest in work for the poor. The last year in the sewing-class they filled a folio with samples of their own handiwork, button-holes in colored silks, darning, hemstitching,

etc. How many mothers have laid away those blue-lined books, to be brought out to show their own little daughters what mamma did when she was a girl at school! We recall one instance of a pupil who at home had earned an unpleasant sobriquet on account of her carelessness in handling her needle; but one day an extra effort on her part produced some neat hemming; commendation was given, a fresh impetus received, and the needle now to that woman is a familiar and skilfully-handled instrument.

"While the classes were busy with their sewing, they recited in turn a poem, or part of a poem; then followed reading by the teacher from some interesting book. The ban of silence was removed from the sewing-classes, and the character of those half-days was more social than could be possible during the usual sessions of the school. Opportunity was thus afforded for the discussion of difficulties viewed from the stand-point of the pupil, or, as sometimes occurred, the poetry or the reading suggested some topic for a few minutes' talk by the teacher upon the motives and actions of life, for which there was little leisure on other days of the week.

"Spelling was a strong point with Mary Anna Longstreth, and in teaching it she pursued a plan which we believe was original with her. A certain number of words from the spelling-book was assigned as the lesson; at the hour appointed the teacher dictated the words to the class. The books were then collected, the exercise looked over, each misspelled

word marked, and the number of them noted at the foot of the column. Nearly all the classes spelled three times during the week. The following week the pupil copied all her misspelled words correctly, writing each one three times for five days in the week, making altogether fifteen times that she was obliged to correct each error. An account was taken of every misspelled word, and these words were added to every new lesson.

"The Europe classes were another especial feature. Gradually finding how useful and entertaining this mode of instruction was becoming, Miss Mary Anna extended it, devoting one or two hours every week to imaginary journeys, aided by maps, photographs, guide-books, and her own personal recollections. Those who had already been to Europe frequently rejoined their old classes in order to refresh their memories; those who contemplated a trip came to learn the best way of going, the things most worthy of seeing, and how to enjoy them intelligently. The instruction was not merely of the guide-book order. One drifted, in imagination, down the Rhine, while the long map of the winding river lay outspread upon the table, and the legends of the castles, the plans of the fortifications, etc., were explained. She also planned home reading on the coming lessons, and any fresh description from those who had lately visited Europe was always listened to with attention.*

"E. B. R."

* Taken from "The Student" for November, 1885.

Dr. Lord, who once before had given historical lectures in the Cherry Street school, was again engaged for two other courses. The pupils were required to make as full an abstract as possible of each lecture, refreshing their memory as to dates, epochs, etc., by reference to any historical authorities they wished. It was an admirable exercise in composition as well as in history, and developed a power of listening with concentration which was invaluable.

In 1876 especial attention was given to the history of those countries which contributed to the Centennial Exhibition, their geography, material resources, progress in science, art, etc.

Visitors were rarely admitted to listen to a recitation, and the whole system of public examinations was discountenanced. Miss Longstreth believed that such exhibitions not only encourage a love of display, but that the most faithful and intelligent students are often too timid under such an ordeal to do themselves justice. She had her own views, or rather her most serious convictions, about a higher education for women, and if she succeeded in giving a lofty moral impulse to the character, and implanting a taste for all that would dignify and ennoble a woman's life, her aim was satisfied.

CHAPTER VII.

RETROSPECT.

As the school enlarged and teachers were multiplied, there was naturally less and less intimate intercourse between the principal and her scholars. In the earlier days Miss Mary Anna was like a mother in the midst of her family. The book lessons were secondary; it was the atmosphere of the school, a nameless something pervading it, which subdued and softened the least impressible, and made even the most thoughtless more ashamed of a rude inconsiderate word or selfish action than of the faultiest recitation.

A pupil of the old Cherry Street period, when both sisters were in their vigorous prime, thus writes:

"It was my happy lot to be a scholar at Miss Longstreth's in the palmy days before 'Miss Susan' left the school, so that it is impossible to separate the two sisters in my reminiscences.

"Memory calls up their school-room in the old Cherry Street house, simple in its appointments, but always light and cheerful, where at either end a cosey circle gathered around them. Happy the girls who could sit nearest!

"Before the school began, as 'Miss Mary Anna' opened the large Bible, her eyes would sometimes rest with special interest upon some one of the scholars whose mother or sister was an invalid; and she would inquire so kindly after the welfare of these, that the whole school shared the solicitude, and a bond of sympathy was established between teachers and scholars. Thus she gave a living commentary upon the Scripture which she was about to read, emphasizing the love which was its central teaching.

"And trying to find the secret of the power of this school, I think it lay just here, in the gracious influences of Christian sympathy and kindness so benignly exercised, and permeating the whole system of its education. Beneath the book-lore was a constant undercurrent of teaching such as no books can give. Surely we all remember the lessons from the lips that were so dear to us,—lessons of courtesy and consideration, gentleness and refinement, which went far to make up our character, and have blessed us all our lives. The kindly amenities, so seldom practised toward each other by thoughtless school-girls, were here found to have their root in Christian charity, which struck deeper and brought forth better fruit than mere conventional politeness.

"In later years my relations with M. A. L. changed somewhat, when she took me into her school as teacher, and I came to know and value her as a friend. If it were possible without drawing aside the veil of personal history, I should here record more

fully her unfailing kindness and forbearance. And through all the years that followed, her heart was ever ready to enter into the joys and sorrows of my life, prompting deeds of thoughtful kindness at the needful hour. This, doubtless, is the experience of hundreds who would like to testify of it if they had the opportunity. I am glad to say it for them.

"To the third and fourth generation her sympathies went out; and she loved to count the hundreds of 'children' and 'grandchildren' whose weddings she had been invited to attend.

"Nor were her interests bounded by those whom she had done so much to educate. Beyond her personal sphere of influence we all know how widely they extended. But I leave to other hands to commemorate the active benevolences which brightened her declining years, and left so many to mourn her loss. From north and south, east and west, come words of grateful love from the recipients of her bounties, as other races and other generations rise up to call her 'blessed.'

"ANNA SHIPLEY."

On the first page of the little note-book in which Miss Longstreth kept a memorandum of her wide-reaching private as well as public charities is a list of texts inculcating systematic almsgiving. All these texts we recognize as those she most sought to impress upon her girls. The memory of every one who ever attended the school must be full of them.

"Give to the Lord of thy substance, and of the first-fruits of all thine increase." "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." Modern organized charity, no longer allowing these words as the plea of mere indolent money-giving, has at once widened and deepened their meaning, and there is no doubt that many a noble-hearted woman, now full of ardor in this great cause, has found in them her best inspiration. They have taught her to give not only of her silver and gold, and that with no niggard hand, but her time, her energies of mind and body; in short, the best first-fruits of all she has and is. One whose life well carries out these early teachings thus gratefully acknowledges their influence:

"September 15th, 1885.

"It is difficult to crystallize into words the memories of a friend whose influence has permeated the thoughts and acts of a life now reaching far into mature womanhood. I am nevertheless grateful to be able to add my tribute to one who was teacher in years gone by, but who through a long series since has been a familiar counsellor.

"Outside of the home-circle, the incentive to a cultivation of the intellectual powers with the stimulus to right thinking and right acting came from her. Her spirit was quiet and unobtrusive, but it vitalized the spiritual natures of those committed to

her, and a temptation to turn aside from a strict conscientiousness or obedience to the Divine Will was met with strengthening words of admonition and help.

"She realized that education was not only accumulated knowledge but the building and development of character. To this end she bent all her energies; with what success may be judged by the many gifted and excellent women, once her pupils, now the acknowledged responsible workers and leaders in religious, charitable and educational fields. Her own simplicity of character and singleness of purpose made her unconscious of her power, but even now, when I am called to a decision requiring wise judgment, or a duty involving some sacrifice of feeling, and at times with a consciousness that it may not have the seal of many whose approbation would be dear, I find myself inwardly querying, 'Would Miss Mary Anna give her approval?' So closely does our childhood hedge us round.

"Her tenderness for those whose church relations differed from her own made a deep impression upon me when a girl. If any disposition was shown among the pupils to criticise another because of a different faith, the earnest reprimand was given to the effect, that an earthly tribunal was not the one where such should be arraigned. Generous in her own estimate of others, her example was reflected in the young people round her, and the exceptional girl felt guarded from thoughtless reproach and confident of her respect.

"This consideration for the views of others calmed the excitement of rival partisanship when politics became the theme for discussion, which often ran high as an approaching election excited the minds of the young girl pupils as well as the community abroad.

"I love to dwell upon the cordial morning greeting, the sympathetic word, the encouraging look that helped us through many a hard day, and the grateful 'Well done' when the allotted task was accomplished. Again and again have they come back fresh and helpful in the more serious duties of life, and doubtless will so continue, although the loving face may now no longer smile its welcome nor the voice utter its words of cheer.

"As a teacher, her strength was not in the amount of knowledge at her command, nor her cleverness in imparting it, but in her ability to inspire her pupils with a desire to know—the secret of all true teaching.

"As a friend, it was no transient feeling, but a deep, abiding interest that followed us into the varied experiences of life. Personally I have an unquestioning assurance that her love continued to the end. It is a rare privilege to be the recipient of such steadfast affection. Let us hope that to appreciate it and continue worthy of it will not be an ungrateful aim.

"My school-life was a perpetual pleasure in her presence and that of the dear sister, 'Miss Susan,' whom I can never disassociate in all that is connected with those happy days. I am sure they have both

been thankful for the blessing intrusted to them,—that of giving brightness and courage to many hearts as years brought either joys or sorrows.

"The golden setting of their own lives in resignation and patient waiting until the service shall have ended, is the fulfilment of all that has gone before. Its peace rests on us as a benediction.

"ANNA HALLOWELL."

CHAPTER VIII.

CLOSE OF SCHOOL-LIFE.

In 1847, when Miss Longstreth had already been teaching twenty years, she wrote in her diary, "Could I have but health and strength, how gladly would I commence another term of twenty years!" The wish had been realized beyond her utmost hope, for to the twice twenty years ten more had now been added.

Almost from the beginning of her school career she had acted upon the advice of a long experienced teacher never to visit schools in the vacation, but as far as possible to give her mind a rest from the one absorbing subject. For thirty consecutive years she spent her summers at Newport, where the air seemed just the specific she needed. She would arrive early in July, always more or less worn by the pressure of closing school in the city heat of June, to find a second home in the same quiet, well-kept house on the Bay-side. A large and familiar circle surrounded her there,—brothers and sisters, nieces, nephews, and friends. The children were her especial favorites.

The soft sea-breezes, the pleasant sailing excursions, the beautiful and varied drives, combined with this genial social atmosphere, acted with magical effect. After a short interval she usually began to arrange classes, etc., for the following autumn. But for several years even this had become an effort to her, and now that her working-day had rounded a full half-century, she felt that the evening-time of rest had come. The letter in which she formally announced her resignation tells its own story:

"PHILADELPHIA, 6mo. 15th, 1877.

"MY BELOVED PUPILS:

"The time has at last arrived when the failure of my strength compels me to give up the work to which I have devoted my life. Far from being joyful at the prospect of release from labor, the prevailing feeling of my heart is that of pain at the severing of the connection which has bound us together so happily. Although you will no longer be under my daily care, I shall not cease to feel sincerely interested in your happiness, and you will find me always ready to serve you in any way in my power. Gladly would I, if my health permitted, continue to be your guide in study; but you will find competent teachers, who will satisfactorily complete your school education. Be faithful to them, I entreat you; be faithful to yourselves; be faithful to Him who holds you responsible for the talents, the time, and the opportunities of improvement which He gives you.

Whether your gifts be few or many, endeavor as good stewards, by earnest application and persevering industry, to improve the trusts confided to you. May you be enabled to render your final accounts with joy, and receive the blessed sentence, 'Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

"Your work, the work of youth, is preparation for future usefulness, by the improvement and discipline of your intellectual powers, the acquisition of knowledge, and the formation of good habits. And, although the cultivation of the mind does not end with school-days, but is to be continued through life, now, while you are free from the cares of womanhood, is the golden period for storing the memory, and laying a foundation broad and deep, on which a steady and permanent superstructure may hereafter be erected. Labor is the price of every valuable acquisition. Be willing, then, to pay it. Learn thoroughly what you attempt to learn. Though it is desirable that your information should be general and varied, it need not be superficial. However little may be the amount of knowledge which you possess on any one subject, let that little be correct and thorough. Investigate, compare, reflect; form habits of accuracy, attention, and patient research; acquire the power of concentrating and controlling your thoughts. Do not be afraid of difficulties. Let your standard be high, and your motto Excelsior. If your object be the highest improvement of the mental gifts of your Creator, for the purpose of fit-

ting yourselves to accomplish the work which He has placed you here to perform, you cannot fail to derive enjoyment both from the pursuit and the possession of knowledge. A well-stored mind, a refined taste, a love for all that is beautiful, grand, and noble, are excellent preservatives against frivolity, dissipation, and idleness.

"But it is not only in your intellectual improvement that I feel a deep interest. Your moral welfare is of still greater moment. For whether the sphere in which you are called to move be large or small, you have an important mission to fulfil.

> "The secret silent influence of woman all confess;
> In humble cot or princely hall, to injure or to bless,
> Her influence is a sacred trust from Him who reigns above,
> A gift bestowed that she may aid His purposes of love.

How responsible are the possessors of this gift! How important that it should always be exerted on the right side! It is not so much by direct instruction, by counsel or rebuke, that woman is to do good, as by exhibiting the loveliness of the Christian graces, by diffusing the light of a correct example, and maintaining a consistent character, harmonious in itself, and attractive to others. Our first duty, then, is to labor in the vineyard of our own hearts; for if the tree be good, its fruits will be good. We must practise self-denial, meekness, gentleness, consideration for others in the hourly acts of life, and manifest that love which seeks not its own interest, but the welfare and happiness of others. In this way we shall at the same time promote our own happiness,

for happiness is not the result of any combination of circumstances which the most brilliant fancy can depict; it must proceed from a persevering effort to fulfil our duties to our Heavenly Father, and to our fellow-creatures.

"While, then, you are improving the faculties which have been intrusted to you, and seeking the esteem and friendship of those whom you think worthy of your love, let it be your first aim to become wise unto salvation. As the joys of Heaven, the exceeding and eternal weight of glory, promised to the faithful Christian, infinitely overbalance the delusive and fleeting pleasures of the world, in the same proportion does our spiritual welfare surpass in importance our temporal well-being. Let it, then, be your chief desire to obtain the approbation of Him whose favor is life everlasting. It is not enough to be amiable, generous, benevolent; these delightful traits of character may exist in a heart alienated from God, which seeks neither to know, nor to do His will. We must be born again, and this great change must be effected by His Holy Spirit. In all our pursuits let us ask His blessing; in all our undertakings, let us keep in view the shortness and uncertainty of life, remembering that, although many things are desirable, one thing is needful,—the salvation of our never-dying souls. We are not our own; as created beings, we are not our own, nor at liberty to follow the impulses of our unregenerate hearts; in a sense far more important we are not our own; we are bought with a price, the precious blood

of the Lamb of God. Could any more powerful inducement to seek Him early be presented? May we be united by the ties of love not only while we are pilgrims on this earth, but may we be inhabitants of the same celestial city, and forever sing the praises of Him who loved us before we loved Him! May not one of you be wanting at His right hand! May His grace, love, and mercy be with you now and forever!

"Your loving and faithful friend,

"M. A. LONGSTRETH."

When it became known that Miss Mary Anna had decided to give up her school, a plan was suggested which was warmly seconded and promptly carried out. A circular-letter was sent to all who had ever been pupils (as far as their addresses could be learned) inviting them to unite in raising a fund as a memorial of her fifty years' devotion to the work of education. Miss Susan had directly shared the labor for twenty-five years, had aided it for a much longer time, and was intimately connected with it in the minds of all the older pupils. The memorial, therefore, included both sisters. Those who originated the plan realized the delicacy of offering a tribute of so material a kind, where energy and perseverance had already provided all that was necessary, and in giving a name to the memorial endeavored to bring out the idea that it was to commem-

orate at once the scene and the character of the sisters' work. They accordingly called it "The M. A. and S. Longstreth Fund for the Education of Women in Philadelphia." A committee was appointed to receive contributions, large or small; the individual amounts were never made known. The sum ultimately reached was two thousand dollars, and small as it seemed to those who had collected it, its acceptance was so graceful and appreciative that all who had taken part in it were gratified.

The closing day of school, June 20th, 1877, notwithstanding its tearful partings, was, as some one said, a kind of "Golden Wedding" day. Letters, notes, and messages, some of sympathy, some of congratulation, all of affection, came pouring in. Even the most reserved now found expression for their grateful memories; and in those from all the earlier scholars both sisters had a part. The chorus of blended voices touched them deeply, and the fund remained, a substantial memorial of a recognition they could not doubt.

CHAPTER IX.

FAMILY LIFE.

We have now seen something of Mary Anna Longstreth as the eager learner, the earnest, conscientious teacher. We have seen her after the relaxation of foreign travel again taking up her chosen work, ever pressing forward to the highest mark, "without haste, without rest." But there is another side scarcely yet touched upon, no less characteristic, and to those who knew her best, the most endearing.

The absorbing occupation, the proceeds of which contributed so largely to the needs of the family, naturally set her aside from any active domestic duty, but in filial love and attention, and all the simple kindly offices of daily life between brothers and sisters, she never failed. A little New Year's greeting to her mother has been carefully preserved for fifty years:

"On this happy morning to whom can I with so much pleasure offer my best and warmest wishes for many 'happy New Years' as to my beloved mother, who for more than twenty years has cherished me with the fondest affection, tenderly watched over my

infancy and childhood, and now ministers to my comfort with that faithful constancy and love which a mother only can bestow? Thus may she in turn be guarded, cherished, and cared for by the kind Shepherd of Israel, who neither slumbers nor sleeps. May He pour balm into her wounds, and wipe away all her tears! May He give her joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, making her last days her happiest!

"MARY ANNA.

"1st mo. 1st, 1835."

Miss Mary Anna's letters, even her simplest notes, were carefully written. Their style was in keeping with her beautiful regular penmanship. But the spontaneity of a little outburst of affection in the following pencilled fragment to Miss Susan will be to most readers its greatest charm. Miss Mary Anna had gone to New York to take the steamer for Europe in 1866, and an hour before sailing sends her last messages. One enjoys even the absence of punctuation:

"I did not tell thee my darling sister how greatly I felt indebted to thee for thy kindness in getting me ready—packing me up &c—because I wished to avoid calling up too much feeling—and was fearful of breaking down myself—But I do return thee a thousand and a thousand thanks for thy multiplied kindnesses, and all thy patience with me. May the Lord bless and keep thee every hour, renew thy health and strength, and enable thee to bear thy burdens."

"It must not be supposed," says Miss Susan, "that because so much of her time was given to her beloved scholars—every one of whom was made a separate study—she was any the less interested in the families of her brother and sister, whose settlement in life removed them from the parental roof. Her heart expanded, and her happiness was greatly increased by witnessing their happiness. Her brother William, who was ten years younger than herself, had always been her especial favorite. She found time to write to him every week when he was at Haverford, and took the warmest interest in his settlement on a farm, which she delighted to stock with fine fruit and to adorn with shrubbery. After his business called him to the city, she took equal pleasure in his living at dear old Greenway, and building a new house on its grounds. His wife was as dear to her as either of her own sisters, and his children always found a real home in Filbert Street. She depended upon him, and his death in 1881 was a great blow to her. She never recovered from the disappointment of losing him and his son Thomas, who died in early manhood."

From the birth of her eldest nephew—a joyful event in the life of every child-loving aunt—to that of the youngest great-niece, her affections were always widening with the widening circle; and this loving interest was by no means a mere sentiment, nor was it ever at a loss for means of expression. In the early days, when little Theodore was the one in-

fant pet of the family, his aunt's chief amusement was to pay him and his young mother an afternoon visit, and in merry frolic with the child to plan schemes for his future development. And the schemes were put into practice at the very earliest moment. The little fellow was taught to go alone the short distance to his aunt's house to receive a daily lesson.

And years afterwards, when the health of a younger nephew, grown to manhood, had caused some anxiety, the same solicitous affection sent him, in hope of complete restoration, to the milder climates of Southern Europe and the Nile. This was only one of many instances of the same kind. Her purse, filled by her own exertions, seemed to have the blessing of the widow's cruse; it was never very full, it was always pouring out its bounty, and it was never empty.

But of all her gifts she was herself the best. Instead of growing graver and sadder as the years went by, her busy productive life reversed the usual order, and she seemed to grow more and more light of heart, as if she lived in the sunshine. A great-niece gives a pleasant picture of the young circle she loved to gather round her:

"No maiden aunt, with every faculty given exclusively to nephews and nieces, could have lavished more love and attention upon the children of her

brother and sister than did Aunt Mary Anna. One of her eldest nephew's cherished treasures is a book carefully written in her own beautiful hand,—a sort of journal for the first ten years of his life and that of his brothers and sister,—a record of their moral and mental progress, little pleasures, gifts, birthdays, etc.; a book the keeping of which many a mother might have esteemed too great a tax, not so the busy teacher of a large school. What trouble was too great for her untiring love?

"Some Sunday evenings are especially bright in our recollections,—those when Aunt Mary Anna took tea with us. We would crowd around her and sit on her lap, listening to the adventures of 'Charlotte,' 'The Little Princess,' or, best of all, 'When she and Aunt Susan were little girls.' In great request was the seat next her at tea-time, or afterwards, when hymns and texts were repeated.

"As if her teaching was to cease but with her life, her last year was a lesson to us of beautiful patience and submission to the Divine will. How hard she found it—threatened with blindness—to lie still and rest from her life-long activity none but herself ever knew. And when we were gathered together in that darkened room last summer, our sorrow for the dear life gone from our midst though deep, was mingled with thankfulness that her eyes had been opened to the light of Heaven before they were entirely darkened to the light of earth.

"ELISABETH MORRIS."

CHAPTER X.

PHILANTHROPIC INTERESTS—SOCIAL LIFE.

MARY ANNA LONGSTRETH'S charity, in every sense, began at home. None knew so well as her own household how truly unselfish thought for others was the main-spring of her life. But her sympathies went far beyond the limits of this inner circle. Outside of her school—to which she conscientiously gave her freshest energies—she still had time and thought to spare for many charitable enterprises, any one of which would have seemed to most women quite enough to occupy them. Her school employments extended far beyond school hours; her evenings were habitually spent in examining copy-books, arranging class-lists, or preparing special exercises for her scholars;* yet a stranger meeting her in the afternoon at a hospital or charity committee, might have supposed that particular object her chief inter-

* The "Young Student's Companion," still so popular a text-book for beginners in French, was originally prepared by her for the use of her own classes. She also made a large collection of words apt to be misspelled for study in the school.

est. "She never allowed the weariness and drag of a benevolent life to show," says a discriminating observer who knew her well; "no doubt it was often felt, but all that came to our eyes was the pleasure and comfort she had in it, and this alone was a vast service to the cause of God and humanity." From all in need of aid or comfort, Indians or Freedmen, a struggling missionary's wife at the antipodes, or a sick child in the nearest alley, the cry "Come over and help us" found in her a willing ear, a helping hand, and an open purse, "without regard to creed, color, race, or nationality." The perplexed, the baffled, the disheartened, flocked to her as to an oracle; her word became to many a new starting-point in life. "I look back thirty years," says one, "and remember what a gift her friendship has been to me. Without it how could I have made my way over so many rugged and difficult paths? I came to her a stranger asking aid and counsel; she took me in to her thought and heart, and continued to give me her aid, counsel, and love through all these years. It was a friendship without a flaw."

Parents seeking teachers for their children, teachers seeking employment for themselves, alike resorted to her, and in some cases the supply so exactly met the demand, and the result was so satisfactory to all parties concerned, the time and thought

necessarily given to the matter were not considered. The service was a real happiness to both sisters. But there were often applicants for whom nothing could be found, and Miss Mary Anna's sympathy in these cases really preyed upon her health. Occasionally, too, a candidate was contumacious, one young woman positively insisting that she should be provided with music scholars. She was "quite sure Miss Longstreth could do it if she would only make the effort!" The house was in danger of becoming a mere bureau of information, and the task, so pleasant in the beginning, had to be given up.

Her attachment to her own Society of Friends was unswerving, yet with a catholicity of faith rarely found in any communion, she bade God-speed to all true seekers, even though the pathway chosen were far different from her own. The self-devotion of Dr. Price, her early Latin teacher, first kindled her interest in missions.* Far from being a mere religious duty, it became almost a passion of her life, and had not another path been clearly marked out for her, she would gladly have gone to Burmah to impart to others what was so truly to herself a message of great joy. The visits of Dr. Judson and Dr. and Mrs. Wade to this country were an especial enjoyment to

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* See page 14.

her. Through these friends she was introduced to Miss Cynthia Sheldon, and her niece Miss Anable, with whom a warm intimacy continued throughout her life. She delighted to aid in filling boxes with useful articles to be sent out to Mrs. Wade. All the fine cutlery, scissors, penknives, needles, etc., were carefully dried on a stove, and packed in glass jars, to secure them from the dampness of a long voyage. Many little articles of dress, not to be had in India, were also added. One may fancy the pleasure with which these boxes were opened.

Mrs. Wade thus writes from Tavoy, December 24th, 1864:

"O how like cool and refreshing streams in the parched deserts of this hot and weary land have been your precious letters, presents, and offerings in money for our personal comfort, schools, etc.! In all these long, eventful years since May, 1834, when I was first introduced to thee, my loved friend, and spent that first delightful, ever to be remembered evening in your family circle, how many, many streams of comfort and strength have flowed to me from that unlooked-for fountain of love and benevolence!"

She began early in life to take an especial interest in the blind, writing a hymn for their use. For a time she visited the prisoners at the Penitentiary, but afterwards found her spare hours too limited to keep

up the habit. She was one of the corporators of the Medical College for Women, and from 1878 until near the time of her death continued a manager of the Woman's Hospital.

But the most absorbing interest of all her later years, the one in which she took the most delight, and upon which she lavished every resource at her command, was the school at Hampton. Of this a full account will presently be given by one of its efficient corps of workers.

"Some people always sigh in praising God," says Aurora Leigh. Mary Anna Longstreth certainly was not one of them. Her bright hopefulness of spirit, her buoyancy of manner, was the strongest testimony to the faith she lived by. Her presence brought gladness to young and old. A photograph, taken in her bonnet and veil just as she looked on entering the school in the morning, was a favorite picture with her scholars. So, too, she looked when visiting the large circle of her old pupils, most of whom became her warm and life-long friends. Amid her crowded and multifarious engagements she always found time for keeping up these pleasant social relations. And her visits were never mere perfunctory calls. She shared, with a power of sympathy given to few, the joys no less than the sorrows

of those she loved. Whether it were a young girl's engagement, a coveted trip to Europe just made possible, or a new avenue opened for needed self-support, the happiness of another at once became her own. The profusion of her wedding invitations attracted the notice even of the carriers. "Who is this Miss Longstreth everybody invites?" one of them once inquired. He evidently supposed her a kind of ever-reigning belle, whose perennial attractions "age could not wither." And he was not far wrong. Her heart never grew old, and the sweet face retained its childlike beauty even at threescore.

CHAPTER XI.

LAST YEARS.

THE account of the closing scenes will best be given in the words of the faithful sister, who was with her to the end:

"When the need for much effort ceased," says Miss Susan, "my dear sister found herself more worn than she supposed, and she never fully regained her strength. The sight of both eyes was impaired by cataract, and she finally lost the power of writing, but she was enabled to meet this gradual diminution of vigor with much calmness and patience. She was always able to dictate letters to her friends, and to send packages and papers to Hampton graduates. In 1883 she went to Lake Mohonk, expecting to enjoy the fine air and the society of many dear friends at that delightful home-like retreat, but was disappointed by an increase of indisposition, which confined her to her room during her whole stay there.

"She had never recovered her strength since the loss of our beloved brother William and his gifted son Thomas, on whom she had expected always to lean for support. But the pins of the earthly taber-

nacle were so gently loosened, one by one, that we found it difficult to understand fully her increasing feebleness.

"In 1884 our kind friend, Julianna R. Wood, with whom my sister and myself had been intimate from girlhood, offered us the use of her cottage at Cape May. It was a providential arrangement, and only He who knows the end from the beginning could have so planned every minute detail for her comfort and convenience, even directing the steps of our sister E. Morris and her family to the same place, so that they saw each other daily. Truly He made all her bed in her sickness. For six weeks we occupied 'Sea Brink Cottage,' where we had the finest air from the beach, and perfect quiet. My sister's mind was bright and clear. She had been in the habit of conversing with me about the possibility of her sudden removal, saying, 'If I should be taken away unexpectedly, I should like such and such a thing attended to;' and memoranda were made of her wishes, though without any agitation of manner, from the feeling of entire uncertainty when such memoranda would be needed."

But by the first of August there were indications that the end might be near; and by the advice of her physician the patient was taken back to her own home.

"The journey," continues Miss Susan, "was accomplished 8mo. 8th without difficulty or fatigue,

our attentive nephews doing everything in their power to make it easy to her. After our return she was still able to pass the greater part of the day in our dining-room, the weather being remarkably cool and pleasant.

"On the 14th she seemed as well as usual, but at 6 P.M. a slight feeling of nausea excited a little uneasiness, and I at once felt alarmed about her. It was a new symptom, and although she assured me it was of no consequence, and soon told me she felt very much better, I immediately sent for a physician. Before the doctor could reach her bedside all consciousness was over, though it was not till near 4 o'clock on the morning of the 15th that the breathing ceased. Most of the intervening hours were passed in gentle slumber.

"I was strengthened to sit by her and to promote her comfort, feeling the undoubted presence of our Saviour, who fulfilled His gracious promise, 'If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself;' and as He, the omniscient and almighty One, was tenderly and lovingly leading her every step of the way, saying to me, 'Fear not, for I am with thee,' I knew that He had taken her from my hands into His own.

"Many of our friends were away from home, but more than two hundred gathered at the funeral to have one more view of the lovely countenance. Thanksgiving was offered by several Friends to Him whose grace had been abundantly bestowed

upon her, that the sting of death had been taken away, and the victory given through our Lord Jesus Christ.

"The remains were laid beside those of our beloved mother, at South Laurel Hill."

HAMPTON.

HAMPTON.

WHAT our dear Miss Longstreth is, in the grateful remembrance of Hampton, cannot be told. Description and praise fall as far short of the memory they would celebrate, and the love they would offer, as do the fading wreaths laid upon a grave. What words can express the fragrance of a flower, the melody of music, the face of a friend?

Yet, as a single glance may recall all the sweetness and tender grace to those who knew them,—like the sight of the garments that Dorcas had made,—so, to those who find in these pages indeed a memorial, every gentle deed recounted must call up the gentle friend who so gave herself with her gifts that her presence remains in them, a constant blessing.

Miss Longstreth's mission of love to Hampton Institute began in 1872, when this normal and industrial school for freedmen was in the fourth year of its existence. In that year, the Freedman's Aid Society of Philadelphia, which had accomplished much

good during and since the war, establishing schools and missions and otherwise aiding the contrabands, feeling that the further development of the race was passing naturally into other hands, decided to disband. Hearing of this decision, General Armstrong, principal of Hampton school, wrote to a friend among the directors of the Association, urging that there was still work to be done for the freedmen that would need all the help of all their friends. This letter, shown by the lady to whom it was addressed to her friend, Miss Longstreth, was Hampton's first introduction to this dear friend. How that introduction was received, and how it was renewed, it is pleasant to hear from her own words:

"Being the principal of a large school, I thought it right to impress upon my pupils the duty of considering the poor, relieving the distressed, and instructing the ignorant, and I encouraged them to lay aside for this purpose part of the weekly allowance they received from their parents, or a part of what they earned by good conduct and diligence in study. They brought to me every Monday their contributions, varying from two to ten cents for each pupil, and these small sums, which amounted in a year to nearly two hundred dollars, were sent to the South to assist in paying the salary of a teacher of the freedmen. When General Armstrong came to Philadelphia, in November of 1872, to plead for his Hamp-

ton school, and asked our citizens to assist in paying for the tuition of those whose parents were unable to pay, I proposed to my pupils to give part of their money to this excellent object. They immediately acceded, paid for one scholarship, and continued it year after year until I closed my school in 1877. Jennie Shelton was one of the Hampton graduates who received for three years the benefit of their donation, and fully did she repay them by the diligent use she made of her privileges, as well as by her grateful appreciation of their kindness. I also had the pleasure of taking a scholarship, and became much interested in the great work being accomplished at Hampton."

General J. F. B. Marshall, Hampton's honored treasurer and friend, was told by Miss Longstreth in after years, that the practical, manly and womanly tone and simple Christian spirit of the "scholarship letters," received in response to these donations of scholarships, from students at Hampton, did much, as it has in many other instances, to continue her interest in the school and confirm her impression of the work done by it.

To quote again her own words:

"The ground for Virginia Hall was broken in the spring of 1873, and the corner-stone was laid on June 12th of that year. The illness of one of my assistant teachers prevented me from being present on

that interesting occasion. As the corner-stone oration was written and spoken by my scholarship pupil, George E. Stephens, it would have been a particular gratification to me to attend the anniversary exercises, but duty required me to be in my own school."

This absence did not prevent a generous donation to Virginia Hall, sent down to represent the giver,—the first of how many, many generous, thoughtful, timely gifts, besides the constantly kept up scholarships.

The next year, Hampton had the pleasure of welcoming its dear new friend for the first time. Of this first visit, she writes:

"Highly did I enjoy all I saw and heard. The progress of the pupils was wonderful. Academic Hall with its admirable appointments, Virginia Hall still unfinished, but giving promise of great usefulness and comfort, the farm, the natural beauty of the place, with the flowing river and broad meadows, all called forth my warm admiration. Enthusiasm and heartfelt interest were manifested by both Northern and Southern visitors."

And this was the impression she left:

"Your name is a well-loved one here, dear Miss Longstreth. I hope you will come again and con-

tinue your acquaintance with the place and the people."

For nine more years, she was an always-expected, never-failing guest at every anniversary; coming when possible some days before, and making part of her visit at the school itself, that she might share its life and become personally acquainted with teachers and scholars. Very sweet are the memories that linger of those visits,—the bright, cordial interest to see every addition and improvement made since she was last here; the fitting word and loving smile for every worker; the sympathetic inquiries into the trials and successes of the year; the helpful suggestions from the stores of her own long experience as a teacher. To every senior class, their baccalaureate sermon, and even their diplomas, seemed scarcely more necessary to their graduation than Miss Longstreth's farewell talk, when they gathered in the quiet of twilight in the chapel, and, after the hush of silent prayer, received her gentle counsels to carry with them to their distant, lonely fields of labor, and were commended by her to the care of Him whose eyes are over every place. How many waste places have been made glad by the influence of those twilight talks!

So full were those ten years—from anniversary to

anniversary—of loving thoughts and deeds spared to Hampton out of that ever busy life, that the records of them would sound repetitious; while to those whom they blessed with timely aid in work, or personal comfort, they suggested the love "new every morning and fresh every evening."

"Thanks for the 'Bible Lessons,' which I will have tried as you request; also for 'Historical Series and Chart.'"

"Those beautiful illuminations you sent to us, and for the teachers! How have you been able to spare so much time from your constant cares? You must have a wonderful art of using every moment."

"You thought of everything practical and ornamental in that wonderful Christmas-box we haven't yet ceased to wonder at."

"The texts you sent for the boys' rooms came in excellent order, and are very much to the point in every way."

"The girls were never weary of listening to the very interesting and instructive book you sent to be read in the sewing-room, and would preserve the strictest quiet, speaking in whispers when it was necessary to ask a question. Usually, the machines prevent reading, but on Friday, when we have the stockings to mend, we improve the still hours."

"Your second box of apparatus is just opened. For the first time in our history we have a real philosophical department. It is very gratifying. It will

be a nucleus of growth. You have planted the seed of more things than you have given yourself. So, also, the friend whom you interested in the cause, to whom I will write. Please tell her, her donation has been applied to great advantage. I am under many obligations for your kindness in supplying this need of our school so promptly and liberally."

"Thanks for the books and tracts which came to-day. You are always wise and thoughtful in your selections."

"General Marshall read your letter to the girls the same evening that your beautiful engraving arrived: 'Elizabeth Fry reading the Bible to the prisoners in Newgate.' I know you would have felt repaid if you could have seen them while they were listening to your account of E. Fry, and your loving words of counsel. The picture is the most elegant decoration of our girls' parlor."

"We do all certainly enjoy Virginia Hall, and one of the older girls was saying yesterday that the old girls could appreciate it, as the new ones cannot. She said, 'I woke last night and got to thinking how nice my room is, and how much has been spent for us, and I know I can never know a great deal (she is not one of the best scholars), but I thought I could have good principles though I could never have much money or much knowledge, and I mean to remember it daily and try to live right.'"

"The box of models was opened to-day,—just the things to make an impression on a student's mind. I am very grateful for them. You are very generous

to us. Your kind interest in us makes you, in a sweet and true sense, one of us."

"Whichever way we turn, my dear friend, your gifts have been so numerous and so useful that we are being constantly reminded of you. My lounge, in its fresh chintz cover, and my desk, with the dear little books (your gifts), in my own room, the desk in the teachers' parlor, and, when I go below-stairs to attend to domestic duties, the useful aprons, and when I can give to some needy girl some of your generous supply of canton-flannel which you have intrusted to me, each in its turn brings you before me, and I feel that we cannot thank you enough. But I know, my dear friend, that you are happy in giving, and I trust it may add to your happiness to know that we are very happy in receiving."

All oppressiveness was indeed removed from gifts that were the joyous outflow of a heart that had to

"Let its illumined being o'errun."

One could but write:

"Your cordial words show how truly you rejoice with them that do rejoice, as well as your many deeds have shown the hearty interest you feel in the freedmen and every one at Hampton who is trying to aid them. I feel sure that it is a real happiness for you to do so much as you are constantly doing for teachers, officers, and scholars, and you may be sure

that the truly benevolent spirit which has prompted your goodness has made it an easy and pleasant thing to receive your generous gifts."

It is a pleasant thing to think of our dear friend's part in the joy of her benevolence to Hampton.

"You have little idea," wrote its grateful treasurer, "how much the school has been and is indebted to you for your interest, shown in every way and at all times, in the work we are trying to do and in those who are trying to do it. What my report may show is but a trifle compared to what you really do for us, and I assure you we all appreciate it."

But her answer to such expressions was:

"The debt is on my side. I speak sincerely. I feel that I owe what I can never repay to the workers at Hampton. *They are doing my work* in a way that I cannot, and all I can do is to manifest my love and gratitude."

"Thy remark about a 'return' for kindness coincides exactly with my own view of the subject, and has always been a favorite one with me. 'The ball must be kept rolling' [to others], but I get my 'return' before it sets off,—a whole heap of pleasure."

"It is very gratifying to me to find that my little mementos have given so much pleasure to my dear friends at Hampton. I am sure it has given *me still more* to think of them in this way. My heart grows

larger as time flows on and I become better acquainted with you and your work."

"It was a real help to me to be with my dearly loved and loving friends at Hampton and enjoy their work. I have come home cheered and refreshed, admiring more than ever the great work that is being accomplished there, and thanking God. When I am writing to my Hampton friends, I feel as if I were sitting by them and chatting. Oh that I could be more often with you in person! I am daily with you in spirit."

And these sweet, daily thoughts seemed continually accumulating and crystallizing into loving deeds, appearing at Hampton in the shape of a big box filled with pretty and useful articles of house-furnishing or adorning, or special comfort of students or teachers. Not only at Christmas, when every new teacher was added in, receiving with surprise a pretty picture to brighten her walls from this stranger friend, but at intervals between, especially at the beginning of a term,—"Is this Christmas?" some uninitiated one would ask, as every plate round the supper-table would appear laden with a mysterious package in snowiest of wrappings tied with exquisite neatness, and inscribed, in the delicate hand that many had already learned to know, with the owner's name and the "love of M. A. L.;" hiding within the useful little implements of a teacher's work; while every chair

bore its burden of Sunday-school papers for distribution in the Bible-classes. No need was too small or common to escape the thought of that motherly heart.

"The pencils, paper-folders, etc., were pleasant and grateful surprises on the teachers' tea-tables last evening. The little temperance tracts and songs will be very acceptable to some of our graduates, who try in their teaching to support the temperance cause also."

"We all had a treat at supper last night. The peaches were pronounced delicious by every one of the household. Miss Susan possesses an enviable secret. It is so pleasant to think that she made them, though it seemed too much work."

"In your thoughtful and unnumbered deeds of love to us of Hampton you remind me of her of whom some one has said:

> 'She doeth little kindnesses
> Which most leave undone or despise,
> For naught that sets one heart at ease,
> Or giveth happiness and peace,
> Is low-esteemèd in her eyes.'

"Not that your kindness to us is small, but how, with your many large acts of bounty, you yet find time to consult our happiness as you do in so many, many ways, is to me a marvel. As each one comes I say, Does Miss Longstreth think of any one but

us? If she does, and in the same ratio as she does of us, how full to overflowing must her life be of thoughts of others. I wish I might be a humble imitator."

That Miss Longstreth did think and work for many interests this volume amply shows, and no one knew her long without discovering.

"I have received *eighty* letters this month!" she writes,—"all welcome and interesting. I have been exceedingly busy for the past fortnight, writing letters and sending packages of books and papers to colored schools. My hand is quite lame and my head tired, I shall not therefore attempt to prepare a letter for the March number of the *Southern Workman*, but send instead a letter from Walter I. Lewis, the earnest principal of the Spartanburg (colored) High School. General Armstrong likes sometimes to have in the *Workman* letters from teachers who are not Hampton graduates."

It was from the midst of labors of love like these and many others that her thoughts were sent in such practical form to Hampton.

"It takes about three days," she writes in later days of growing weakness, "to get a box ready for Hampton. Of course I mean only as much of the time as my eyes allow me to work; and as soon as

the box is off, I begin to do up my packages of papers for my *twenty* colored correspondents."

Who that ever saw will ever forget those spacious parlors in Filbert Street, filled like a bazar, to the dismay of all Friendly ideals of sobriety and order? Chairs, tables, and floor piled with stacks of clothing, large and small: coats and jackets, calico dresses, checked aprons, gay bandanas, hats and hoods, quilts and blankets; beads, dolls, Noah's arks, toys of every description, patch-work squares; boxes of thimbles, boxes of tools, boxes of crackers, books, and whatever else busy brains with benevolent hearts could think up and industrious hands collect to despatch; the one parlor-full to Indian mission schools, from Miss Susan, the other parlor-full to schools of colored graduates and missionaries, from Miss Mary Anna, so sympathetic were these sisters in their kindred works of love.

The Hampton graduate teachers and their little schools had frequent share in this kindly providence. Many of them have also been counted among her "twenty colored correspondents," and received the richer gifts of her letters of encouragement and counsel.

Some of their replies she sent from time to time for the graduates' letter-page in the school's organ,

the *Southern Workman*, where these "simple annals of the poor" have long had a mission of good in acquainting Northern readers with the work going on in the log cabin school-houses of the South.

"Towe's letter that you sent is excellent. Such men as he pay for all this work. I have sent his letter to Mr. Fessenden to show to ——."

"In a letter which Towe wrote me, he said, after thanking me for some papers, etc., 'I am too poor to pay you, but I have a rich Father.' He was rich in faith. I send with this a letter from W., which shows so much earnestness in his work and determination to be useful in every way in his power, that it gave me a high opinion of him. I have replied to it."

"I sent W.'s letter to a lady who gave his scholarship. It will please her."

Besides these graduates' letters, the *Southern Workman* received many proofs of her kindly, painstaking interest, in parcels of clippings, made with careful selection, at the expense, it would seem, of much time and thought, from various papers, such as she thought would be of use or interest to its readers. They were solid and light, grave, and even gay, for she had a keen enjoyment of humor, and faith in the cultivation of all sides of this "human soul by which we live."

"Meeting the glad with joyful smiles,
Wiping the weeping eyes. . . .
With a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize."

Her heart took leisure in the midst of the cares attending the opening of her own school, to write to the principal of Hampton:

"September 11th, 1876.

"MY DEAR FRIEND, S. C. ARMSTRONG:

"May I send thee a few lines of sympathy? . . . Although I have taught school so many years, the re-opening always feels more or less formidable. To set the machinery again in motion, to examine the new pupils, and arrange fresh classes, and unite all in a harmonious whole, is not an easy task; yet help has always been furnished, and after the new arrangements are made the work is delightful, the consciousness of being in the line of one's duty brings with it a sweet reward. There are, of course, difficulties, obstacles, and disappointments, but when we are following our Master's call we are sure of His aid. Peter walked on the sea of Galilee at his Lord's command; but when he looked at the stormy waves and listened to the fierce wind, he began to sink. Had he kept his eyes fixed upon his Lord, he would doubtless have walked safely forward upon that treacherous element,—not in his own strength, but upheld by Divine power. While I have the ability—and it is the day with me—I desire to work. I know not how soon the night may come. At the same

time I do not intend to shorten the day by overtaxing my strength contrary to the laws of Him who made the body as well as the soul.

"The re-opening of school seems to me more truly the beginning of a new year than the season which is usually so regarded,—a time for renewed dedication of heart and consecration to my mission. Is it not a privilege to work (even in feebleness and with many imperfections) in our Redeemer's cause, to promote His reign and spread the glad tidings of His salvation? St. Paul's words, 'Whose I am and whom I serve,' seem to me sublime. I love to speak of them to my pupils, and contrast this glorious service with that which is paid to an earthly monarch, hoping to induce my young friends to enter it. How eagerly do the attendants upon royalty seek the honor which comes from such service, and to which few comparatively can attain, while the service of the King of kings is free to all, and infinitely more noble!"

A few days later she writes:

"I thought much about the school yesterday, the first Sabbath after the opening, though I presume not nearly all the pupils have presented themselves. I hope Mr. Tolman was able to be at his post, and above all, that the Holy Spirit was present to solemnize the exercises.

"I have written a letter to the Hampton graduates, for insertion in the *Workman*, if approved by thee."

This letter to Hampton graduates was the first of sixteen which, in the midst of other cares and interests, she found time to write, and the *Workman* gladly welcomed to its columns, during the next six years, the graduate teachers looking eagerly for the signature that marked the kindly counsels of their friend. One paragraph may show their spirit:

"There are three requisites for a teacher's success in the highest sense,—love to Christ in his heart, love for children, with an earnest desire for their eternal welfare, and a love of teaching."

How thoroughly she filled these "requisites" herself all who were acquainted with her knew. She may have said to many what she said to one Hampton teacher: "I have often thought that if I should be allowed by the dear Lord to choose my occupation in heaven, I should choose to teach." And there are many who would echo that Hampton teacher's answer: "Then I hope I may be in your class there." Who can doubt that in some sweet high way it is

> "Her mission still to rear, to teach"——
> "In those great offices that suit
> The growing energies of Heaven"?

Her letters to the graduates were appreciated by

them. She writes: "I have had the pleasure of learning from the letters of several graduates, that they have been encouraged by my letters in the *Workman*, and *that* encourages me to continue to write."

The sparkling and mirthful side of her nature comes out in this pretty description:

"Commencement Day, the merriest day of all the year at Hampton, fell this year [1877] on the 24th of May. The weather was charming, cool and bracing. Steamboats, sail-boats, carriages, and mule-teams brought crowds of visitors, white and black: officers of the army and navy, judges and members of the press, friends of the school from the North, and relatives of the students from the neighborhood and farther south. Richmond, New York, and Portsmouth were well represented. To crown the occasion, Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, our President's wife, beautiful, dignified, courteous, and good, came with a party from the White House. . . .

"Early in the forenoon, General Armstrong introduced me to Mrs. Hayes, and asked me to conduct her to the new cottages and objects of interest, after she had heard some of the recitations and looked at the fine specimens of farm products in Academic Hall. Mrs. Hayes kindly offered me her arm, and as we walked from one interesting point to another, she was astonished at the progress that had been made in every direction, though, this being her first

visit, she was unable to fully appreciate the improvements. On the lawn in front of Academic Hall there were temporary sheds containing fine specimens of the farm stock,—horses, cattle, pigs, and sheep,—some of the best animals in the county. We stopped for some time to look at these; and, as Mrs. Hayes especially admired a beautiful Alderney cow, I inquired her name. Being told that she had no name, I proposed to Mrs. Hayes to give a name to this fine animal. Turning to me, she said, 'Her color is like your bonnet; I will name her Elizabeth Fry.' I need not assure you that the cow has been ever since an object of interest to visitors."

Soon after that "merriest day," after her return home, a letter came to Hampton whose purport was:

"I have fully decided to give up, at the close of the present school year, June 15th, the work of my life,—at least of fifty years of it. It is a great trial to me to come to this decision."

All hearts at Hampton sympathized with the writer, and in the response which her letter called forth:

"We have read your valedictory with interest and sympathy. We are glad that you are not to be under the heavy, incessant cares that have for fifty years

taxed your strength. You are like a traveller at the end of a long journey, and you look back over your life with a feeling that no one can fully enter into. I rejoice that God has spared you so long. You have been in His service, and His eye has been on you all these years. How we need Him every hour! How little what is called success amounts to! It is not peace; it is nothing to the smile of a loving Father. How surely we find that all that is satisfying is in the relation of a child to a Father above! I think you have this relation, and thus you have been a teacher to me, and will be for years to come, I hope.

"Your outward work is changed, but you are always teaching by your sweet, pure, unselfish life. You have many pupils at Hampton,—many elsewhere. You are even now doing your best work. You have a larger school than the one in Merrick Street, and you will teach it long after you cease to breathe. How rich you are in the trust, love, and devotion of those who know you! You have fought a good fight.

"I feel somehow that you are one of *us*. Now that you are free, may we not have you weeks at a time? How much good you can do in talking to the boys and girls here who are to go out into the world! It must be hard to put off the harness as you are doing. God grant you many long years of peace and strength and happiness—as you relinquish your local field for a larger field, as you pass from physical to spiritual teaching. You are going up-

wards, and have only thrown off old garments for brighter ones."

She writes bravely in reply:

"My work is brought to a close,—at least is changed in its direction,—but I trust ability will be granted to me to be useful in some way or other, and I assure thee that Hampton and its teachers and graduates will not be forgotten. My recreation will be found, as heretofore, in looking after and watching over my colored pupils. Yes, we do need Him every hour, and while *et teneo et teneor* is our motto, and we let Him keep fast hold of our hand, we are safe.

"'He will direct our feet,
Strengthen our hand,
Give us our portion meet,
Fulfil His promise sweet,
Help us to stand.'"

How the promise "not to forget Hampton" was kept, the years have well shown. It was put into immediate execution. The day after the close of her school, she writes:

"To-day I am resting. On Monday will begin the real fatigue of sorting and sending off loads of books, furniture, etc., to my friends who are engaged in teaching, and to whom they will be useful. Some are to go to Hampton. A fortnight will probably be thus engaged."

"Your good note is received; also all the boxes, books, maps, and minerals, the two window-hung blackboards, which will be exceeding useful, just what we have needed, and the 'dear old flag,' the emblem of the loyalty of your school and its head, in the times that tried men's (and women's) souls. We shall cherish it, and be proud to display it for its associations with your school as well as for what it symbolizes, and we thank you heartily for all."

"I read your letter to the senior class on Sabbath afternoon," writes a teacher. "One of them moved that thanks be returned to you for the interest you had manifested in them. A unanimous aye was the response. I told them that the appreciation which would be most acceptable to you would be the realization in themselves of your wishes and prayers for them."

All the gentle ministries of former years were not only continued, but increased through the years that remained.

One of her "objects of especial interest" was the formation of a library for the younger girls, to be kept in Virginia Hall, of books that would "combine amusement with instruction, and create a love for reading, preventing idle conversation." Four beautiful walnut cases, her gift, were soon stored, by her own generosity and that of friends enlisted by her influence, with a choice collection of interesting books

on natural history, biographical sketches, historical tales, etc., which gradually, through the same sources, increased to more than five hundred volumes. A teacher writes:

"I am sure, dear friend, that you and those who through you have contributed these books for our girls, would enjoy the pleasure you are giving them, if you could see the appreciation they show of your kindness, not only by their delight in reading the books, but by the care they take of them. And they enjoy the feeling that you have selected the library especially with reference to them."

"I wish you could have seen," wrote the large-hearted manager of the Hampton Girls' Industrial Department, "the pleasure given by your gifts of *mottoes*. By some it was expressed in words; the eyes of others said more than the tongue. I gave one, 'God Bless Our Home,' to my good, faithful assistant, Mrs. Ivy. The tears came to her eyes; she was 'mightily obliged,' for where she lived 'people don't do so much to make their houses look pretty as they do here,' and when she went home she would do all she could 'to make it a heap prettier than it is now.'"

Hearing that a Christmas-tree was to grow up in an ever-hospitable parlor at Hampton Institute, for the benefit of some outside little ones and others not always remembered by Santa Claus, Miss Mary

Anna's motherly heart longed for a share in its blessedness.

"Yours is received, and I have just opened the parcel that came by express, containing the beautiful dolls, twelve in number, hoods, aprons, handkerchiefs, picture-books, and texts. The latter I sent at once to Winona Lodge for the hospital-room. Little Edith's doll will delight her, I am sure, and in her name, and in the name of all the children, I thank you for your ever-thoughtful love. Christmas-time brings so many delights from you to them, that they may well imagine you are near of kin to the great Giver.

"The General's children are well and bright. They were here on Sunday, and Edith was recalling the time when she made you into Queen of May in our sitting-room, winding wreaths about your chair and you. Lulie grows more and more like her gentle mother."

Is it not possible here, without offending the delicacies of private relationships, to speak of the tender love for that "gentle mother" which, as many who will read these pages know, was the jewel-clasp of Miss Mary Anna's friendship for Hampton; a love like that of mother and child, which sought constant expression in tenderest words and deeds, which smoothed and brightened the path of the "gentle one" to the dark river, from the home and school

where her life was a benediction; a love which has reunited them on the other side, which must ever associate them in our sacred memories?

Even this record must own its large indebtedness to the manuscript memorial volumes which, with exquisite art, her loving hands prepared of that beloved friend for her children, into which her own self is so inwoven that they are the best source of reminiscences of her connection with Hampton.

"If I am permitted in any degree to hold up thy hands or to strengthen thy hope and faith, I bless my heavenly Father for giving me so sweet a mission."

"I thank our Father for giving me such a friend. Every day I love and feel deeply grateful to you."

"The grace of your presence was a luxury to us whenever we were in it. You have been more to us than our pens or tongues can ever say. Your dear love and interest lead our hearts toward heaven, where we know your treasure lies."

"The children often speak of Aunt Mary Anna."

"Seeing you is like a little look into a heavenly region apart from this work-a-day world; and yet you have worked so hard and broken so many fetters."

"I can hardly believe it possible that you should have had a hard lesson to learn, after helping so many to lay their burdens where there is strength all ready to bear them. It seems sometimes easy to lift our eyes to the hills and expect the strength and the help

to come at once, or to wait patiently for it; and again, we lift our eyes and the hills are obscured by mists: there appears to be nothing for our eyes or our hearts to rest upon."

"These clouds, pain and sickness cast over thy pathway. Let us keep our eyes ever turned toward the everlasting hills, for the mists are only of the earth, and the glorious sun is shining beyond."

"I cannot send you thanks for all you have done, but please to know that you are present with us always as a real inspiration to better living, and as a reminder of the blessedness of using for others all that has been given to us. Your love and care have been so sweet to me, and they have been expressed in so many tender little ways, that I have been kept full of gratitude ever since I saw you. You have been a blessing to me ever since I knew you."

"I feel like a mother bereaved of her child. My heart yearns for her."

"Your devotion to her is even now a great comfort. How can I thank you enough! You have seemed to stand at our side with a helping hand ever since we knew you."

"Absent or present she has rarely been absent from my thoughts. Even now I find myself wishing to send her a message of love or token of remembrance."

"Those who love each other in the Lord never see each other for the *last* time. There is no last time for them; for they will be 'Forever with the Lord.'"

The hands that missed the dearest clasp were none the less active in ministries of good. Her heart kept pace with Hampton's growing interests, and found room for Indians and all; though, asking for a list of new teachers, to write their names upon the "little parcels" designed for those whom she could hardly expect to know personally, she said with a little smile that was half a sigh, "Hampton is getting so big that I cannot get my arms around it any more."

"How can we half thank you," wrote their teacher, "for the lovely books for our Indian girls, with their fascinating pictures and stories, and so much useful information withal? Certainly the Winona Lodge Library has been most kindly cared for. Please express our warm thanks also to your friends for their share. How much pleasure, dear Miss Mary Anna, through long years to come, will be given by those beautiful books, which will speak so loudly of Hampton's fairy godmother! I wish you could have seen the interest and delight with which some of the scholars looked at the book of Old Testament pictures which you sent, and which are very helpful in our Sunday-school lessons. Miss M., who takes charge of the little girls' corridor, finds the story-books very nice for Sunday evening reading to the little ones. May many blessings be showered upon you for all your kind and loving ministries to Winona!"

Even as increasing feebleness made the dear hands falter and the loving eyes grow dim, those ministries did not cease. The letters came, though, more often, written from dictation by loving friends.

"I have begun a letter to the Hampton graduates for the *Southern Workman*, but, being debarred from using my eyes at night, it is not yet finished."

"I send by express to thy care a bundle of papers and tracts, tied up in small parcels (twenty-five in number), to be given to the teachers attending the institute who live in places where there are few books and little reading matter."

"I intend to have a set of cap-quarto blank books made for the use of the teachers at Hampton, indexed, to aid them in their work, as follows: One to be marked History, to contain a catalogue of all the works on history in the Hampton Library, historical charts, maps, etc. Its companion volume to be marked History, *Index Rerum*, or shall I say Topics; in which the teachers of history will write gradually a list of references on historical subjects that they may wish to find readily. Another volume will be marked Biography, another Physics, another Geography and Travels. Will it be desirable to have others?"

"I expect to-morrow to send off my last box to Hampton for this year (1883). I do not mean this school year. Through the kindness of my niece, Sara Longstreth, and one of my cousins, I have had

the pleasure of sending off my little parcels. It would be an exceedingly great trial to me to be obliged to omit these, although I have given up correspondence with my other friends."

All at the school shared the hope that, when free from routine work, Hampton might have the privilege of long visits from this dear friend whose presence was a blessing. Taking advantage of this hope to do yet another sweet and generous deed, she fitted up a room at the school, to be used as a guest-chamber at times, but which was always known as Miss Longstreth's room, to be occupied by her, it was hoped, for weeks at a time. Many have enjoyed the comforts of the pretty room, with its fresh and dainty furnishing, and its pleasant view of the gliding river, but its dear owner was not to see it.

At last, one had to write regretfully:

"Our commencement exercises [of 1883] went off about as usual, but, dear friend, we missed you all through them. It hardly seems to me now as though the class could have graduated without your loving benediction personally bestowed upon them. Your two boxes have both come. Many thanks for them."

The year went on, bringing repeated tokens of remembrance to Hampton,—the scholarships, school-books, collections of shells for the museum, books

for the special libraries of Virginia Hall, Winona Lodge, and the Indian boys' "Wigwam." But the hope of welcoming the dear giver to Hampton ever diminished.

"Alas!" she wrote, "I see no probability of my going there for a very long time, if ever."

Another anniversary approached, and one expressed the general feeling in writing:

"I need not say how much I shall regret your absence on that day. I shall think of you often, and with deepest love and sympathy."

The day passed, and one more gentle act fitly crowned the last year of loving care for Hampton.

"And now I have a favor to ask of you, beloved sisters. I wish to give a photograph of your beloved General Marshall to a few of the teachers who have been at Hampton the longest. I have ordered a dozen copies made, and will order more if desirable. Please find out whether those I now send shall be given to the following, or if they have them already, and whether more are needed. With a heart full of love I remain, ever yours, M. A. LONGSTRETH."

The two dozen copies thus distributed will have a double value to those who received them. But her

crowning and farewell gift to the school was a fine life-sized crayon portrait from the same photograph, to be hung in the Library Hall, where it will ever be associated with the loved giver as well as the honored original.

The Hampton workers scattered to their vacation rest, the summer days passed, and, to one Northern home after another, came the hardly unexpected news that with them the sweet spirit of Mary Anna Longstreth had passed to the eternal home and the glory that excelleth. Their thoughts all flew to Hampton, where they had known and loved her so well.

On the evening of the day on which the news reached Hampton, the students, as they assembled for prayers in the Virginia Hall chapel, where she had so often sat with them, were informed by the chaplain of Hampton's loss. Early the next day, the lovely portrait which had hung for several years in the teachers' parlor, was draped by loving hands in soft folds of white and gray, with clinging ivy sprays, and as one by one her friends came to look at it, it was not hard to believe that she knew, better than mortal tongue could have told her, how truly she was mourned. The same evening, resolutions of regret and sympathy were adopted, signed by representatives of the school present in its vacation organization, officers, teachers, graduates, and colored and

Indian students, and sent, with warm expressions of sympathy, to her family in Philadelphia.

When the school had gathered again to its winter's work, on Sunday evening, October 12th, a memorial service was held, that all might take part in the tribute to this beloved friend; to acquaint the newcomers with the debt of gratitude the school will always owe her, and to give appropriate reception to the generous gift which occupied her last thoughts of Hampton.

Two easels on the platform held, the one this portrait, and the other the beautiful crayon of Miss Longstreth herself from the teachers' parlor. The two genial faces smiled benevolently upon the assembly. Rev. Mr. Tolman, the school's first chaplain, dwelt upon the beauty and significance of this life of unselfishness and Christian love. Its present pastor, Mr. Frissell, spoke of the deep interest Miss Longstreth always took in the religious work of the school; the help it had been to his own efforts; the letters that came from her hand every year to the graduating class; the deep solicitude she expressed that every graduate should go out as a soldier of Christ, a teacher of righteousness.

The Principal gave the history of Miss Longstreth's connection with the Hampton school from its early days; the many generous, gracious, delicate

deeds which with spontaneous, untiring kindness, she had scattered along its way; the cheer and inspiration she had given to its work; her interest growing with its growth, following its graduates to their little school-houses with helpful gifts and even with invaluable letters of counsel from her busy hand; her broad nature, finding room for many other benevolent works; the tributes brought by hundreds who rise up to call her blessed. Not hers the bare "gifts without the giver." The deepest gratitude owed her by the many she helped and blessed is for the loving heart that went with all she gave, large or small. One of those rich souls of whom the Christ will say:

> "Who gives herself with his gifts feeds three,
> Himself, his hungry neighbor, and Me."

Hampton's absent treasurer wrote from his new home:

"Dear, blessed Miss Longstreth! what an angel of mercy she has been to the school, and to those connected with it! How constant, untiring, and generous have been her care for it, and her contributions to it! And how thoughtful and loving was her regard for every worker at Hampton! There is hardly a room in my house here that has not some gift of hers, as token of her loving sympathy in our Hampton work. That we were honored with the esteem and love of so saintly a woman will ever be among the most cherished and tender memories of

our Hampton life. That her last gift to the school should have been my portrait affects me deeply. I only wish that I were more worthy of such honor from such a woman.

"Hampton will cherish her memory. Her life of devotion to good works will be to teachers and students an inspiration. Her place cannot be filled on earth, but great will be her reward in heaven."

So long as one who knew her is left at Hampton, no anniversary day can pass without sweet thoughts of her whose loving eyes so often kindled with its enthusiasm. At the last one, the first to pass since she left us, the salutatorian's essay closed with a tribute to this ever-remembered, ever-beloved friend of Hampton, whose gentle pictured face smiled down upon the scene from under its living crown of lilies: "whose life has passed from earth, whose work, please God, shall never die."

The Hampton graduates would not be left out in these memorial offerings.

"Hampton has lost one of its strongest and warmest friends," writes one. "She will never be forgotten by those who knew her."

"We have lost a trusted and tried friend in Miss Longstreth. I remember, almost as though it were but yesterday, how she talked to us 'Hampton Singers' in Philadelphia, in 1873; how her earnest face beamed with an unselfish desire for our welfare, and

after presenting us each with a copy of Longfellow's poems, how she prayed with us. I have often thought that the Lord answered her prayer and suffered us to be ten minutes late, which saved us from the Stonington railroad wreck in that year."

"I am indeed pained to hear of dear Miss Longstreth's death. I feel her loss keenly. It was she, you know, who paid for my schooling while I was at Hampton, and oh, such cheering letters I received from her since I have been teaching;—even up to June. Yes, and even my school will miss her. I have her photograph, and now it is as dear to me as anything on earth."

"I rejoice to know that I have a token by which I shall always remember dear Miss Longstreth. It is a hymn-book I received last year from her."

"No one can feel Miss Longstreth's death more than I do. I have been blessed so much in my work by her timely and useful gifts. Not only her gifts, but I have also had her good Christian advice, which she used to write to me till she got too weak to write much. Her letters followed me to Africa, and I trust her good advice will follow me to my grave."

Even since her departure, Hampton has heard of generous remembrance from this constant friend. Generous as it is, as Hampton's treasurer once wrote her, "That which can appear on the books is but a small part of what the school owes" her. In almost every building erected since she knew the place, she

has a part. Virginia Hall, especially, "seems full of suggestions of her kindness." Look into its dining-room, whose tables used to blossom white with the tokens of her thoughtfulness of little needs; into the teachers' pleasant parlor, furnished by her hands alone, and presided over by her gentle pictured face; into the girls' sitting-room, with its pretty well-stored book-cases; into the doctor's office, with its handsome desk and book-case, and "convalescents'" library, and into the *Southern Workman* office, with its convenient editorial desk; into teachers' rooms, where from every wall and corner, beam reflections of her kindness; and into that chamber of peace, which, though she never entered it in bodily form, seems always occupied by her sweet presence.

With the loved one whose sweet friendship drew her heart most closely to us, Hampton's thought of our beloved Miss Longstreth will ever be:

"She is present with us always as an inspiration to better living, and as a reminder of the blessedness of using for others all that has been given to us. Surely her name and face will be a heavenly influence, helping all who pass within these walls, like that of a guardian angel."

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

THE following are added at the request of Miss Susan Longstreth:

Departed this life on the 15th of Eighth mo., 1884, MARY ANNA LONGSTRETH, in the seventy-fourth year of her age; a member of the Western District Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

Having been trained from infancy in habits of implicit obedience, it was comparatively easy for her to submit her will to the righteous law of God. A teacher for fifty years, it was her privilege, while aiding her thousand pupils to climb the hill of knowledge, to train them in Wisdom's ways, which they found to be ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace. And now that our loving Saviour has fulfilled to her His gracious promise, "If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself," many rise up and call her blessed, rejoicing in the full assurance that she is one of the great multitude around the throne who unite in say-

ing, with a loud voice, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and glory, and blessing."—*Friends' Review.*

IN MEMORY OF MARY ANNA LONGSTRETH, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE EIGHTH MO. 15th, 1884.

There was a very beautiful, quiet, useful life laid to its rest in the beginning of this week that should not pass altogether unnoticed. It was the life of a good woman, spent in doing good in such good ways as made it a perpetual benediction. Without any parade of her name or her presence; with a bright, vivid cheerfulness which none of the world's darkness or discouragement ever dimmed; with an unfailing sympathy for all who suffered wrong; with courageous faith that never lost either its patience or its zeal; with a broad-minded philanthropy that shut out no good cause from the circle of its interest; with a delightful zest in doing good that advancing age and infirmity could not abate; with a single-minded purpose to be always about her Father's business; with a delicately-trained instinct that kept her ever ready to recognize what was wrong, and a sweet gentleness that gave her reproof of the wrong a grateful welcome; with clear, sound judgment and a beautifully

cultivated mind,—with these and with all the grace and beauty and dignity of a lovely womanhood pervading her presence, MARY ANNA LONGSTRETH has served her day and generation, and has gone peacefully to her reward.—*F. W., in Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

IN MEMORIAM.

MARY ANNA LONGSTRETH, Vice-President of the Philadelphia Branch of "The Woman's Union Missionary Society," representing the Society of Friends, died August 15th.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

Of few can these words so truly be spoken as of the dear departed one to whose sainted memory we would offer our heart-felt tribute of affection and respect. A long life of uninterrupted activities has peacefully closed, but the fragrance of its exquisite development will long endure to revive and refresh the toiling and weary ones who yet remain.

The beauty of womanhood, in form, in character, in influence, and in power, is rarely more perfectly exemplified than in the person and character of her who was so many years prominent in the great work

of education, and who was long associated with us in the special work of our society. By her extended personal influence she was for many years our great stay and support; and in far-distant heathen lands her name is loved and honored by many just waking from the death-like sleep of ignorance and sin.

In our own city (Philadelphia) the name of Mary Anna Longstreth is sacred in many homes, whose mothers and daughters have owed to her much that was best in their mental and spiritual development.

To her efforts for the intellectual culture of those committed to her care, she added a maternal solicitude for the growth of those graces which are the essentials of the perfect woman, and none could come under her personal influence without being impressed with the beauty of holiness which beamed from every feature,—to look upon her was a benediction, to talk with her was an inspiration.

No benevolent philanthropic or missionary work escaped her attention and sympathy; her large-hearted charity was ever on the alert, and even in the retirement of her declining years her activities never ceased.

Loving in manner, tender in sympathy, wise in counsel, ready in liberality, and wide in personal influence, her death is a loss almost irreparable.

But while we realize our loss, we would thank God

for the blessing of having known and labored with one so gifted and yet so consecrated; so complete, yet so simple; so honored, yet so unaffected; so aggressive, yet so retiring; so decided, yet so gentle: in a word, whose well-rounded character was a circle of beauty, and of whom, even after a long and active life amidst the turmoil and confusion of a large city, we may well say, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

C. H. M.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER WRITTEN SOME YEARS PREVIOUS TO HER DEATH, BY ELIZA P. GURNEY, WIFE OF JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY, WHO WAS HIMSELF A HIGHLY-VALUED FRIEND OF M. A. LONGSTRETH.

My Dearest Marianna,—The cheering little visitants that occasionally wing their way from thee to my retired home, bringing fresh evidence of unforgetful love, are always warmly welcomed; and generous as thou art in balancing the debit and credit account between us, allowing me when I owe thee fifty pounds to put down ten, I feel as if thy last bright paper messenger deserved an early answer, if only just to say it brought thee very vividly before me with new and tender feelings of old faithful friendship and unchanged regard. I consider thee, my dear

Marianna, as one of the first of my old-tried Philadelphia friends. . . .

Thou speaks of feeling it cause for thankfulness when a blessing is permitted to rest upon thy labors for the welfare of the precious charge committed to thy care, which led me to think that perhaps few persons had so low an estimate of their services in proportion to the amount of benefit which had really accrued from them to the rising generation as thy own dear self. I believe I may express the conviction of my heart, by way of encouragement, that the Lord, whom thou lovest and hast long desired to serve, has qualified and is using thee as an instrument of great good to the lambs of the fold, many of whom, with their children and children's children, will have abundant cause in days to come to rise up and call thee blessed in the name of the Lord.

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THE END.

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